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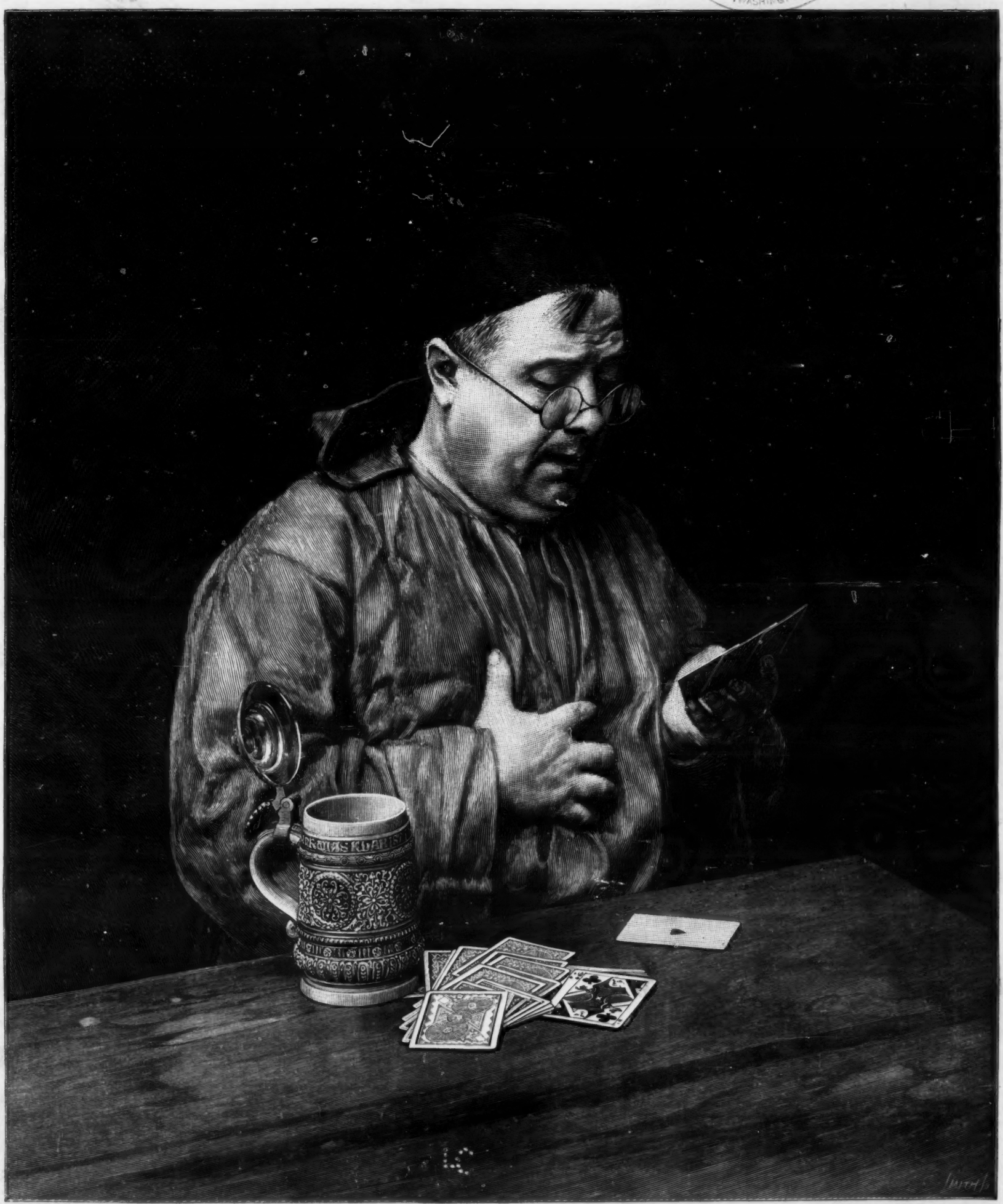
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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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"HARD LUCK."

PHOTO BY E. J. MONTUD, WASHINGTON, D. C. AWARDED THE SECOND PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.—[SEE PAGE 9.]

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

W. J. ARKELL.

RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT, 161, 163 Randolph Street, Chicago.
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THE wonderful work of the Salvation Army in the United States and Europe is attracting particular attention at this time because of the publication of General Booth's elaborate plan for the regeneration of the fallen masses in England. What the Salvation Army is, what it has done and proposes to do, furnishes the basis of the leading editorial contribution in next week's issue of this paper. Its title is, "The Holy War of the Nineteenth Century," and the writer is the wife of Marshal Balfour Booth, the head of the order in the United States.

THE KAISER ON HIGHER EDUCATION.

THE young Kaiser is a man of very positive convictions, and he does not hesitate to express them. He seems pugnacious, and to be steadily on the look-out for high game. As an iconoclast he is without a superior. His imperial father of sainted memory, the beau ideal of knighthood, the idol of the nation, the darling of the army, the "Unser Fritz" of the popular affection, was the first target of young William's strictures.

Nor did Frederick emerge unscathed from the assaults of his sombre son; the idol was so far broken that the hero of Gravelotte was simply allowed to apologize for his existence and depart in peace. The next object of his animadversion was his excellent mother, the Empress Victoria, a princess who had been deemed a paragon of all that is admirable in womanhood. The morose young man found her guilty of being born in England. Since he made this astounding discovery another idol is in ruins; Germany barely tolerates the presence of the mother of its Emperor.

The third idol to crash under the destructive beat of the young Kaiser was the imperial chancellor himself, the great Bismarck, the man of blood and iron, the man whose genius and imperious will brought into existence the second empire, the virtual sovereign of Germany, the man whose fiat settled the internal and external policy of the empire, the man who inspired all the nations of Europe with awe. To many it seemed that Bismarck not only typified modern Germany, but that he was Germany. Such an idol was too attractive an object to escape the attention of the young iconoclast. The Emperor overturned him from his pedestal, and Bismarck worship has entirely ceased.

The latest onslaught of the imperial wrecker is upon the greatest idol of all—the school system of Germany. Bismarck and Frederick were constructive geniuses in the building of the new Germany, but the greatest constructive force that has operated in the production of modern Germany has been her system of education.

Rousseau has very clearly analyzed the destructive principle in youth. Innate energy naturally seeks an outlet. The appropriate outlet is in the line of useful production. But production is a slow process, involving skill and patience, and one in which the final product is more or less deferred. Youth has the energy without the skill and patience, and in the line of destruction it can produce a striking result suddenly with the expenditure of the crudest energy.

Whether the Kaiser is striking with a boy's caprice, or whether he is demolishing with a view to a grander reconstruction, time alone can determine. The German school system may be very defective, and may be susceptible of great improvements; but such as it is its achievements have been the marvels of modern history. After the battle of Jena, Germany was entirely overthrown, and for a time it seemed as though its subsequent history must be that of a French province.

German courage and German physical force had succumbed to the military genius of Napoleon. In their darkest hour of subjugation and despair the voice of the philosopher Fichte arose advising Germany to appeal from the beaten men to the possibly victorious children. He said that if they would train and educate those children they would save the history of Germany. His advice was taken; Germany bent all her energies to the establishment of schools and to the carrying forward of public education.

The fulfillment of Fichte's prophecy was seen when the old Kaiser, one of the very children to whom Fichte made the appeal, led his educated regiments through France to dictate the humiliating peace of Paris. The world said that the victory was due to the intelligence that was behind the needle-gun.

The present Emperor turns on the schools which have made his empire. It is not yet manifest how far he contemplates smashing this idol. He says he can see that too much Latin and Greek are taught; that too much attention is given to old things and old times that do not concern us. He sees this in the fact that so many of the young men have come to wearing spectacles and are noticeably lacking in self-assertion. He can take no pride in a fellow who cannot see three feet ahead of him and who is not going anywhere.

In this the Emperor is right. No one can take pride in a person whose eyesight and moral stamina have both been obliterated. If his diagnosis of the evil were correct, then he has done the world a mighty service. If the study of Greek and Latin tends to the production of near-sighted men with no snap in them and no connection with modern affairs, then they could not be discon-

tinued any too soon. But it will be seriously doubted by many that the study of Greek and Latin necessarily tends to the loss of eyesight, to the loss of energy, and to the loss of ambition. It is a profound conviction of many that the study of Greek and Latin affords the most powerful stimulus to all the faculties of the mind, and is the best preparation for success in modern affairs.

It will be doubted by many whether short-sightedness and lack of energy will disappear with the discontinuance of the study of the ancient languages. Nevertheless, the short-sightedness and lack of energy are facts; and they are facts resulting in some way from the operation of schools. The Kaiser has done a service in calling the attention of the world to that fact. Many observers are convinced that the failing eyesight of students is due to the imperfect ventilation of schools, and to the neglect of sanitary conditions in general. Hence they expect that this form of injury will continue to result after the study of Latin and Greek is discontinued.

As has been already said, many regard Latin and Greek as the most stimulating of studies. Yet some observers know that Latin and Greek can be taught in such a manner as to cause various kinds of deterioration instead of improvement in the learner. But this deterioration comes not from the matter studied, but from the manner of studying it. There is nothing in the nature of Greek and Latin that tends to evil results more than there is in other branches of study. The Kaiser has pointed out the need of reform, whether or not he has indicated the correct line of reform.

Popular education has done wonders for America, as well as for Germany; and in America, also, the Kaiser Public Opinion has found just occasion to strike at the schools. The lack of health, the lack of stamina, the lack of force of character have been noticed as too general a product of our schools. The American Kaiser has not only noticed the evil, but he, too, has a remedy to prescribe, empirical though it be. His remedy is manual training. He says put tools into the hands of the children, and you will get health, intelligence, scholarship, and force of character.

This optimistic conclusion seems to overlook the fact that tools have been in the hands of people for several thousand years, and that health, intelligence, and the highest force of character were not promoted until books were put into their hands instead of tools.

Both the German and the American Kaiser are correct in feeling that there is room for, and that there is need of, reform in our schools; though the remedy suggested in either case would not seem to touch the surface of the matter. The reform of our schools must come in the improved instruction given in them, and especially in the improved supervision placed over them. All the conditions of health must be observed in the construction of school-houses, and in the daily round of school-life. All forcing or overstraining of children must be discontinued. Teachers who are capable of making branches means rather than ends in education must be secured; and every item of school work should be done primarily with a view to the promotion of desirable traits of character. Knowledge is an end in itself; because it is a very useful possession to one capable of using it. But when the knowledge is forced, regardless of capability, it is then likely to injure the learner.

The reform of our schools must come by giving capability the first place in the ends to be attained, and in making the acquisition of knowledge a mere secondary matter. Capability includes three elements, viz., a basis of physical soundness and teeming energy, an alert and well disciplined mind, and above all an invincible moral character.

John Kennedy.

BATAVIA, N. Y.

THE ANGLO-SAXON RIDDLE.

IF Professor Totten, of Yale University, has accomplished nothing else in his popular book entitled, "Our Race," referred to in the recent editorial contribution of the Rev. James H. Ross, he has at least succeeded in rescuing his subject from the supreme contempt with which all the efforts of those who for years have striven to identify our genealogy with "Lost Israel" have hitherto been stifled, and has certainly forced its discussion into an arena where it can confidently expect the opportunity of a fair fight, and where an audience awaits it that will demand fair play among the contestants.

The subject of the identity of the Anglo-Saxon race with the "Ten Lost Tribes of Israel" has thus, at last, passed its probationary stage, and it is now high time to call a truce to mere ridicule, and to admit the hearing into the sober atmosphere of calm and deliberate investigation. Let us change the venue, therefore, and have no more sneers upon this matter; but if any man has facts which can be arrayed against the claims set up by this certainly growing school of genuine students, let him duly produce his case in the same dignified manner in which its adherents justify their own position, or let him hold his peace in the audience.

No one can arise from the perusal of this present treatment without according to the topic a place entitled to the respect it has now fairly won, and which (if wealth of historic, legendary, and genealogical facts, logic, and arguments both *sui generis* and well-arrayed be any criterion) it seems destined to maintain against all opposition.

Henceforth the question of the real origin of the Anglo-Saxons, who constitute a race indubitably destined to dominate in future ages, merits only the most earnest and searching study from the best and ablest truth-seekers of our day, and the people whose dictum in the premises must be the final one will no longer tolerate a sneer unjustified by reasons to which they can accord their common credence.

The very possibility that we have sprung from an Arcadia so lofty, and which is so strenuously maintained by all who seem to have given this subject any study worthy of the name, adds a zest and a solemnity to it which but reacts upon all who have no other condemnation to advance except their own *ipse dixit*.

Hence one can fully appreciate the spirit of Bishop Niles, who says concerning it that: "If the case can be fairly made out, nothing so noble has crowned all the scientific, historic, or scriptural research of these wonderful days of ours," and at the same time understand how so genuine a scholar as "Ik Marvel" has caught the writer's enthusiasm.

We bespeak for earnest willingness, particularly among the Pharisees, to give this full-grown school of original thinkers a chance to state their case before a race which is deeply concerned in the issue.

SENATOR EVARTS.

IN nominating Senator Evarts as a candidate for the seat which he is about to vacate, Senator Fassett, in the joint Republican caucus held in Albany on the 19th of January, eulogized the exalted talents and the unimpeachable integrity of New York's senior Senator, whose term will expire March 4th.

Mr. Evarts was elected to the Senate at a critical time in the history of the Republican party. It had just suffered an unexpected defeat, and there was a disposition on all sides to break away from party trammels. The independent, or "mugwump" movement was demonstrative and threatening. It was charged that the Republican party was not putting forth its best men, but was serving the purposes of its worst. At this crisis the important office of the Senatorship was to be filled, and the suggestion that the ablest and most distinguished member of the New York Bar, an eminent Republican, one who had served with signal ability as a Cabinet officer, and who had a world-wide reputation as an eloquent speaker and a profound student of public questions, should be nominated for the place was overwhelmingly approved by public sentiment.

Senator Evarts has not been a disappointment. He has not been as conspicuous in the Senate's proceedings as some had anticipated, simply because no great questions have invited public utterance excepting on rare occasions. These he always met with his old-time force and vigor. His exhaustive and eloquent speech regarding the fisheries question is conceded by all to have been the ablest, the most interesting, and convincing argument on his side that was made during the protracted debate. His recent remarks regarding the fair elections and the silver bills have all the ring of his old-time eloquence.

Senator Evarts has been a faithful and acceptable representative of his State in the highest legislative branch of the Government. He has not been a party to factional feeling, nor sacrificed his public duty to personal interests. The service of the State has been his first thought, and to it he has faithfully devoted his time, his talents, and his best energies.

JEWISH VITAL STATISTICS.

THE statement has often been made that cancer is one of the diseases from which the Jewish people is exempt, and this alleged exemption has been credited to the extraordinary care exercised by the Jews in the selection of their animal food, and especially to their abstention from the use of pork.

The vital statistics of the Jews in the United States, gathered by the Census Bureau recently, disprove the assertion in reference to cancer. The bulletin just issued by the Bureau presents partial results of a special inquiry, made by an expert agent, of over ten thousand Jewish families in this country, and for the first time gives a comparison of certain characteristics in the vital statistics of this people in the United States with those observed in Europe and with other peoples.

From these statistics it is found that the death-rate from cancer in a thousand total deaths reported among the Jewish families visited was 13.58 among the males and 21.65 among the females. This is about the death-rate of other nationalities. The figures show, however, that the mortality among the Jews has been certainly less from the tubercular diseases, including consumption, scrofula, tabes, and hydrocephalus, than among other peoples with whom they are compared.

Scientific investigation in late years has disclosed that consumption, or tuberculosis, originates in many instances from the use of diseased meat, particularly of beef, and the fact that the mortality from consumption among the Jews, according to the census tables, is only about 35 per thousand as against 125 among other peoples tends to prove that the Jewish regulations in the slaughtering of beef cattle yield beneficial results.

The figures show, on the other hand, that the Jews suffer a relatively greater loss than their neighbors from deaths from diphtheria, diarrheal diseases, diseases of the nervous system (especially of the spinal chord), diseases of the circulatory system, of the urinary system, bones, joints, and skin, and that the birth-rate is decreasing and the death-rate increasing with prolonged residence in this country. The Jews have a less marriage-rate, birth-rate, and death-rate than their neighbors, so far as the results could be ascertained by the somewhat restricted inquiries of the Census Bureau.

Census Bulletin No. 19, from which we obtain these facts, is exceedingly interesting, in that it takes up a subject not heretofore carefully and comprehensively considered.

BUSINESS INTERESTS ALARMED.

THE action of the leading business men of Boston, Cincinnati, New York, and other cities East and West, in meeting and publicly denouncing free coinage, is significant, particularly the action of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, which declared that the passage by the Senate of a free coinage bill "is a most dangerous menace to the business interests of the country."

During his address at the Faneuil Hall meeting, at Boston, Mr. Edward Atkinson said that General Grant told him of his intention to sign the silver inflation bill, and that he vetoed the measure on account of protests that came to him from both the East and West, signed by business men whom he knew and on whose judgment he relied. General Grant told Mr. Atkinson that he found the silver influence at Washington did not represent the solid sense of the country. It did not when General Grant was President, and it does not now.

The difficulty about the matter is, that while the agents and attorneys of silver-mine owners have been and are diligently at

work in Washington undermining the foundations of our conservative financial system, the great business interests of the country have been ignoring the question, heedless of the tremendous consequences involved.

We are among those who believe that the sense of the country is utterly against any measure which proposes arbitrarily to fix the price of silver, or any other commodity, far above the price that the world has put upon it. To do such a thing would be to make this the market of the world for the product, and at an artificial price which we would be compelled to maintain.

The idiocy of such a policy is apparent to every thoughtful business man. The good sense of the country can be trusted to oppose and defeat any such preposterous scheme.

A SENSIBLE MOVEMENT.

SENATOR SAXTON has introduced an amendment to the Constitution of the State of New York, providing that contested election cases shall be referred to the courts for adjudication. We believe that the first recommendation of such a measure by any public man was that of Governor Hill in his Annual Message a year ago. He renews it this year. It has the endorsement of prominent men of both political parties, and there are obvious and strong arguments in its favor.

Within the past few years, political manipulation has boldly sought to obtain unfair advantage by unseating representatives of the minority or opposing parties in elective bodies, both State and municipal. In a number of instances, where State Legislatures have been almost equally divided politically, and where the election of a United States Senator was impending, there has been the sharpest kind of disreputable work to obtain partisan advantage. Too often the judicial aspects of the case have been entirely eliminated, and only political considerations been given weight.

It is easy to see that if this condition of things is perpetuated popular suffrage will count for naught, and the spirit of partisanship will be developed to a very dangerous degree. It is to the credit of our courts that they have seldom allowed political influences to control. Our higher courts have been noticeably free from the manifestation of a partisan spirit. The recent action of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, in deciding unanimously (two Democratic judges concurring with their four Republican associates) that the Republican Clerk of the Assembly had entire charge of making up the roll call of the House, emphasizes the exalted character of our representative judicial bodies. On the decision in the New Hampshire case, the political complexion of the Legislature and of the Executive depended, as well as the result of a contest for a seat in the Federal Senate.

Senator Saxton's bill merits at least careful consideration. Thus far no weighty objections to its purpose have been made.

GENERAL SPINNER'S LAST WORDS.

THE late General Francis E. Spinner, as Treasurer of the United States during the most trying financial crisis through which we have ever passed—the period of the Civil War—justly won a world-wide reputation as one of the ablest, most conservative and experienced financiers. Before the general left New York to return for the last time to his home in Florida, where his death recently occurred, he wrote two interesting articles for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER on the financial question. In both of these he opposed the increased coinage of silver and warned the country that free coinage would precipitate a financial panic. There is something almost pathetic in the closing words of his later communications. At this time they are of special significance, as they have recently had the indorsement of some of the ablest men in Congress. We print them as follows:

"I am nearly eighty-eight years old, and for more than half a century have watched and taken an interest in the monetary and commercial affairs of our country. I have no interest of friends or self to subserve. I am standing confronting an open grave, and expect soon to sink into one. I love my country greatly, and I love its people more. The prosperity of our country and the happiness of its people that now are, and of the generations that are to follow, are the subjects of solicitude nearest my heart. I cannot bear to sink into that grave without giving this my last note of solemn warning. If the country would avoid a great calamity, let it restore gold to be the sole standard of values, and the consequent measure of all transferable commodities. Fortify the United States Treasury with gold coin, gradually replace the warehouse silver certificates with Treasury notes of all denominations, from a five-cent to a thousand-dollar note, based upon and redeemable from the gold on deposit in the Treasury. Issue low interest-bearing interchangeable currency bonds, as hereinbefore indicated. This currency would not only have the gold in the Treasury, but all that sixty-five million people possess, as a guarantee for its redemption. Such an arrangement of the currency would constitute the Treasury of the United States into a safe insurance office against commercial revolutions and monetary panics. On the other hand, an illy constituted and depreciated circulating medium, a dual standard of values, a redundant, inflated currency based on a greatly depreciated silver coin, such as the silver cranks desire, are the she-wolves that will breed and litter want of confidence, distrust, fears, failures, and panics upon our country, and disaster and ruin upon our people. The monetary course now being pursued is as sure to bring disaster as effect follows cause. Let the people be warned of the danger that is before them."

PRACTICAL CHURCH WORK.

AT the recent session of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, held in New York, the Rev. George L. Thompson of Bridgeport, read a paper on "The Religious Future of the Nation." He said that the first factor of the problem was the transfer of the balance of power from the rural to the city population; that another feature in the public trend of our times, which ought to be a source of great solicitude to religious teachers, is the power of great corporations in controlling legislation by the purchase of votes.

"We are raising," said the speaker, "in these days, in the place of patriots a crop of politicians whose ambition is party advantage rather than public good, allowing the worst elements to exercise a dominant influence in politics, and a scarcely less one in legislation and government. The agent through which these baser elements work, all-powerful and well-nigh omnipresent, is the saloon, at once our scourge, our curse, and our shame."

That Mr. Thompson fairly presented the situation of affairs

no one will question; but will he and his co-laborers in the field of Christian endeavor tell us what the great religious denominations are doing to right the wrongs that afflict humanity? What are they doing, for instance, to relieve the community from "the scourge, the curse, and the shame" of the saloon?

Is it not a fact that the prohibition party, which has stood in the way of temperance reform in this State, and which at a critical moment defeated that reform and gave the power of control into the hands largely of the saloon element, is made up almost entirely of church-going people?

Is it not a fact that in every municipality the influence of the churches, if united and earnestly exercised at elections, would be potential, would destroy the control of the saloon element, and put conscientious men in official place? Where and when have the churches undertaken this work and failed?

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

A RARE honor has been conferred by the Royal Astronomical Association of Great Britain upon Professor Lewis Boss, of the Dudley Observatory at Albany. He has been chosen a foreign associate member of the British Association, and as this membership is limited to fifty, the honor is one of considerable magnitude. There are only three other American members.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND, of St. Paul, Minn., has set a good example to both the Catholic and Protestant clergy by issuing an edict against church lotteries in his jurisdiction. He makes the rule a sweeping one, without an exception, whether the motive be charitable or not. The gambling mania among the young has been sadly developed by the attractive devices of church fairs. The action of the Roman Catholic Archbishop must be productive of great good, and is timely.

THE effect of the stringent anti-lottery legislation enacted by the Federal Government is best disclosed by the fact that the quotation on the New Orleans Exchange for Louisiana State Lottery Company stock has fallen from about \$1,400 to \$400. The post-office business at New Orleans has shown a decline of nearly \$10,000 per month, attributed entirely to the anti-lottery law. It looks as if the greatest gambling concern in the country had been seriously crippled. The death-blow should now be given by the good citizens of Louisiana.

It is a commentary on the general indifference in municipalities to official wrong-doing that some of the most prominent of the famous (or, rather, infamous) "boodles" combine of Aldermen of New York City are returning to the pursuit of politics, and are apparently being gladly welcomed back to the ranks of their party's workers. We again predict that the next great reform movement will be in favor of non-partisan municipal government. The demand for this reform is emphasized by the return of the audacious New York "boodlers" to their old field of operations.

THE New York Post Office is a pretty big concern, as a few figures from the annual report of Postmaster Van Cott will show. During the year 1890 over a billion pieces of mail-matter of all kinds were handled, or a daily average of 3,113,066, sufficient to fill every day 16,600 cases or mail sacks. This is exclusive of business transacted in the nineteen branch stations in the city. The aggregate business of the money-order department reached \$101,334,000, and the net revenue of the office was \$3,896,000. Among the transactions of the office were the sale, during the year, of 228,258,000 postage-stamps, nearly 44,000,000 government-stamped envelopes, and nearly 52,000,000 postal cards.

THE question was frequently asked, before the recent New York Senatorial election, what the animating purpose of the New York Herald was in urging the selection of Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the Sun, for the Senatorship. The Herald takes pains to explain, and in doing so pays the highest compliment to the veteran editor. It says:

"In a word, we have known Mr. Dana for many years. As a man of business, he has acquired an ample fortune; as an editor, he has lifted the Sun to its present proud position. He is master of economics, learned in the lore of politics, an orator of a high order, a man of unimpeachable integrity, and convictions strong as ribbed steel. It would have been an honor to the city to be represented in Congress by so illustrious a fellow-citizen—and that was our motive."

KING KALAKAUA was not much of a king, for the Sandwich Islands comprising his kingdom has an area of less than seven thousand square miles, or a little more than one-fortieth of the area of the single State of Texas, and his standing army was less than five hundred men. Still he was a king, and was welcomed wherever he went, at home and abroad, as a royal personage. His life had not been altogether fruitful of good results, nor had it been so base as to bring him into utter disrepute. His sister, the princess who succeeds him, will, no doubt, enter upon a stormy reign, as internal dissensions have long threatened the stability of the kingdom, and the tendency of the people has been decidedly rebellious.

WHILE prohibition has been losing ground everywhere and high license moving forward with unyielding steps in State after State, it would seem as if the true friends of temperance would no longer find it difficult to decide in which line of endeavor they could accomplish the greater good. Public opinion far more generally supports high license than it does prohibition, and no reform movement of any kind—the temperance movement included—can be successful without the indorsement of public opinion. This fact confronts, confuses, and confounds the prohibitionist at every step. For instance, the Secretary of State of Iowa, in his Biennial Report of Criminal Statistics, proves that in the prohibition strongholds of that State there had been more convictions in the criminal courts than in the counties where the saloons have flourished. It is not remarkable, in the light of these facts, that the president of the Iowa State Temperance Alliance warns the prohibitionists of the danger that threatens the continuance of the law in the State. He says that a far-reaching movement to overthrow it has been well organized and

threatens to be successful. Do not the friends of prohibition see that by antagonizing the friends of temperance in one party, and thereby indirectly making an alliance with another, they have at least furnished a weapon for their own defeat? It has been so in other States; it will be so in Iowa. Whatever may have been the honorable intentions of the prohibition party, it has been managed with an utter lack of common sense and an utter disregard of practical politics.

THE investigation of Dr. Koch in reference to a cure for consumption has naturally set the drift of medical thought in a new direction. The announcement from Paris that the injection of goat's blood into the muscular tissues of patients suffering from tuberculosis or consumption has been attended with remarkable curative results is, therefore, not surprising. The use of goat's milk is preferred because it is believed that goats are almost entirely free from the consumptive taint. As we remarked at the time of the announcement of Dr. Koch's discovery, the administration of remedial agents directly to the system by subcutaneous injections seems to be a decided step in the advancement of medical science. There are many who believe that within a limited time most remedial agents will be thus administered, particularly in rapidly developing diseases, that require vigorous, powerful, and prompt treatment.

THE decision of the Surrogate of New York that Eva Hamilton was not the lawful wife of the Hon. Robert Ray Hamilton, whose unfortunate escapade ruined the prospects of a very bright young politician, breaks the last claim this adventuress had upon the young man or his estate, as she had previously acknowledged that the alleged infant child was not their offspring. Strangely enough, just at this time the will of Mr. Hamilton is offered for probate, and it suddenly appears that there is not sufficient evidence of his death. Perhaps the last chapter of this remarkable case will be the sudden reappearance of Mr. Hamilton. There was something mysterious about his reported death in the far West. Perhaps his lawyers sought an opportunity to unravel his embarrassments without his presence, and after the process has been completed, will advise his return. The whole story reads like a novel.

THE liquor interest of this State has become, through the cohesive power of organization, a positive, if not commanding, force in political and legislative control. One of the first bills passed by the Senate this winter was an act licensing hall-rooms to sell liquors after one o'clock at night. This measure, which, in its broadest sense, would lead to a revival of the infamous dance-halls that were driven out of New York years ago, passed the Senate by a vote of twenty to two, almost without a word of discussion. It was only when it reached the Assembly that the Excise Reform Association of New York had an opportunity to interpose to prevent its immediate enactment into a law. If the churches were half as alert and half as well organized as the saloons and breweries of New York, dance-hall legislation of the kind referred to would never have a moment's favorable consideration. It remains to be seen whether the churches will make their influence felt, now that they have had timely warning.

It is doubtful if any more of what are known as the "dressed beef bills" will be introduced into State Legislatures. They were all the rage for a year or two, and their purpose, under the guise of a meat inspection law, was to prevent the consumption of Western dressed beef. The movement was, of course, intended for the benefit of the local butchers. The courts, however, have decided in every instance that these dressed beef bills are unconstitutional. The latest decision is that against the prohibitive law of Virginia. The United States Supreme Court holds that the statute of that State making it an offense to offer for sale fresh meats slaughtered more than a hundred miles from the place of sale unless first inspected is an interference with interstate commerce, and therefore unconstitutional and void. Justice Harlan says that, while "a State may establish regulations to protect the people against the sale of unwholesome meats, it may not, under the guise of exerting its police powers or enacting its inspection laws, make discriminations against the products and industries of its own or other States." This probably signalizes the end of the war against dressed beef.

It is a singular development of journalistic perversity that while the people of New York as well as the press are clamoring for rapid transit, several of the daily newspapers have denounced Mayor Grant and the Board of Electrical Control for taking a most important step to facilitate travel in the annexed district. The Harlem Bridge, Morrisania and Fordham Railway asked permission to string electric wires in the district, and guaranteed rapid transit by the use of the trolley system for a wide extent of territory. The people of the district had very generally asked for rapid transit; many of them had indorsed the trolley system, and the opposition seemed to come from an organized source—doubtless from competing street railways particularly interested. Mayor Grant took pains to go to Boston and witness the workings of the trolley system in that city; he heard both sides of the matter, and united with the Board of Electrical Control in granting the request of the railway company. The trolley system has been in use in Troy and Albany and in various other cities in this State, as well as in Boston, and it is impossible to conceive of any disinterested opposition to its use in the annexed district. If this city is to have rapid transit it must come in spite of the protests of parties interested in prevailing methods of traffic and transit. These will always oppose innovations, and these, no doubt, are behind the opposition to the use of the trolley system in the annexed district. Every storekeeper in New York City, as well as every resident of the annexed district, is interested in the enlargement of means of communication with outlying territory. It is a good thing for all concerned, and Mayor Grant, in spite of the vociferous outcry against him in this matter, did precisely the right and proper thing. In the end his course will be amply justified, and he can afford to wait for his vindication.



THE LATE HON. WILLIAM WINDOM, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

SECRETARY WINDOM'S SUDDEN DEATH.

THE Honorable William Windom, Secretary of the Treasury, whose picture is printed herewith, died suddenly at Delmonico's on Thursday evening, January 29th, just at the close of his response to the first toast at the annual banquet of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation. The Secretary had just finished extended and eloquent remarks, chiefly in reference to shipping and the currency question. The toastmaster was about announcing a response by ex-Secretary Bayard, when Secretary Windom's face was seen to flush, he reached for a goblet of water, and as he did so fell from his chair with a loud moan that was heard throughout the room. Secretary Tracy, who sat near by, rushed to the side of the prostrate man. Several physicians hastened to tender their services amid the excitement,

but it was too late. A sudden attack of heart disease, from which the Secretary had suffered, had resulted fatally. The banquet was immediately closed, and the body was borne into an ante-chamber, where every effort was made to recall the spark of life.

The President was at once notified by telegraph, and requested General Tracy to take charge of the remains. They were borne to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where Mr. Windom had been staying, and thence by special train to Washington.

Secretary Windom was born in Ohio on May 10th, 1827, was the son of Virginia parents, and spent his early days on a farm. He received a common school education, and after graduating at the collegiate institution at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, studied law, and after practicing for five years moved to Minnesota, and was one of the founders of the city of Winona.

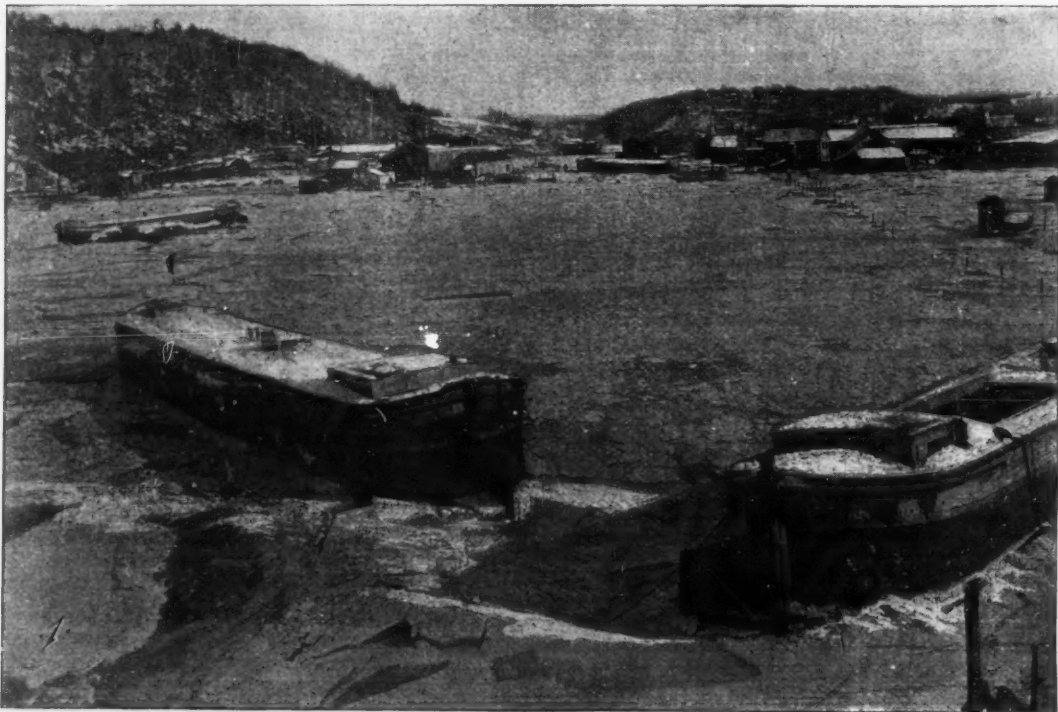
In 1857 he married Miss Helen T. Hatch, the daughter of a Congregational minister of Franklin County, Mass. In 1852 Mr. Windom was elected by the Whigs as Public Prosecutor of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, and in 1858 was sent to Congress from Minnesota, serving until 1869, and a year later was appointed by the Governor to fill a vacancy from Minnesota in the United States Senate. Subsequently he was elected for the full term, and was re-elected in 1877. He was a member of President Lincoln's Special Peace Committee of thirty-three members, appointed from the House of Representatives, and was conspicuous during his service in the House in the performance of his public duties. He was a member of some of the most important committees, and was one of the chief advisers of his party's movements. His judgment was regarded with great respect, and he was held in the highest esteem by his associates.

He was prominently identified with the legislation growing out of the war, and was particularly interested in financial matters. He served as President Garfield's Secretary of the Treasury, and was the candidate of the Minnesota delegation for the Presidency in 1880. He retired from the Cabinet when General

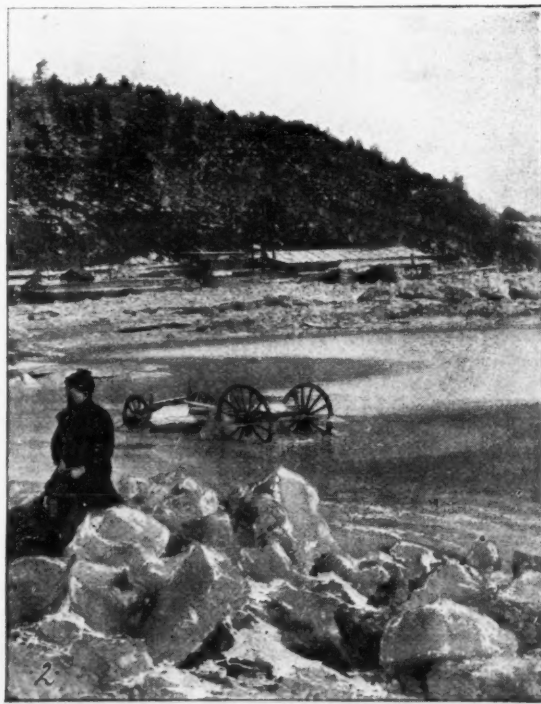


SOUTHERN BELLES AND BEAUTIES.—II. MISS IMOGEN MORRIS, OF VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

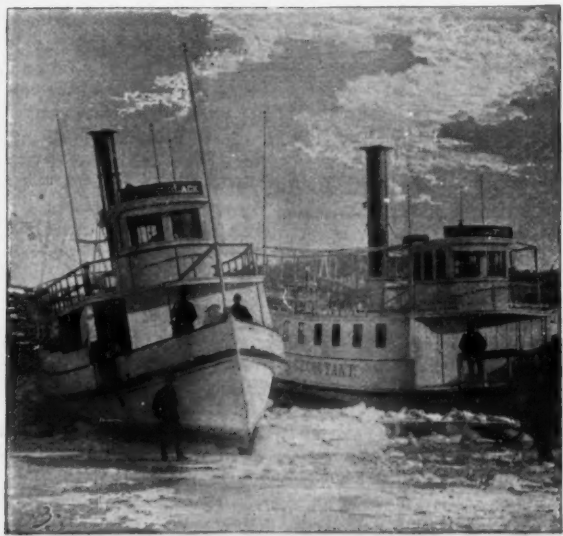
Arthur succeeded to the Presidency, and was again sent to the Senate from Minnesota. In 1883 he moved to New York City, and was interested in financial enterprises, remaining in private life until President Harrison appointed him Secretary of the Treasury. He was one of the ablest members of the Cabinet.



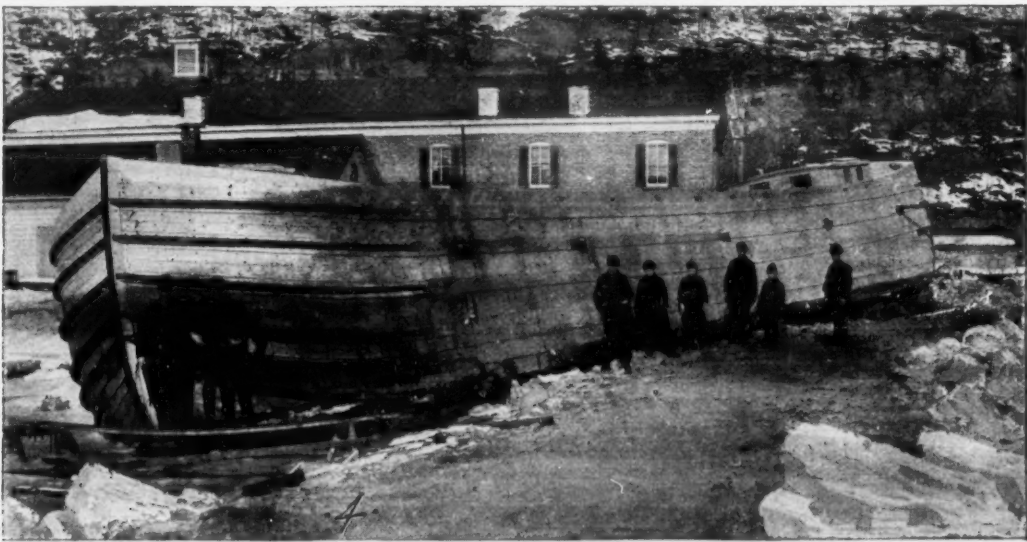
Cement boats stranded nearly one quarter of a mile from shore.



Steam and canal boats wrecked in the ice on the Eddyville flats.



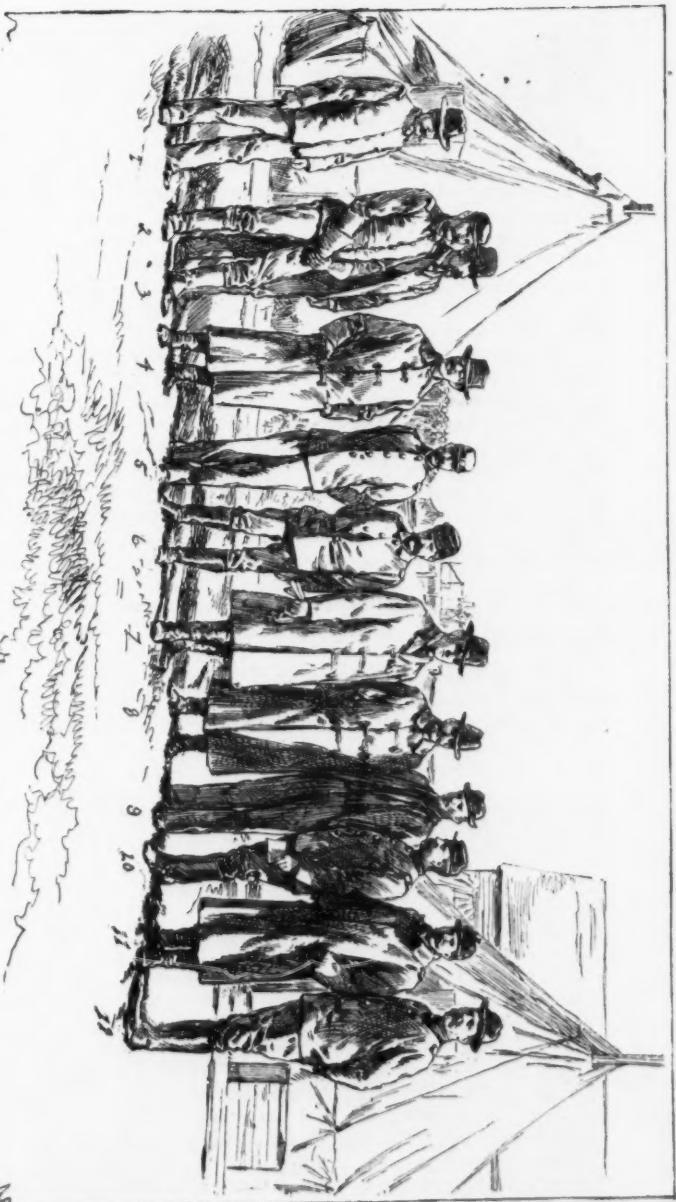
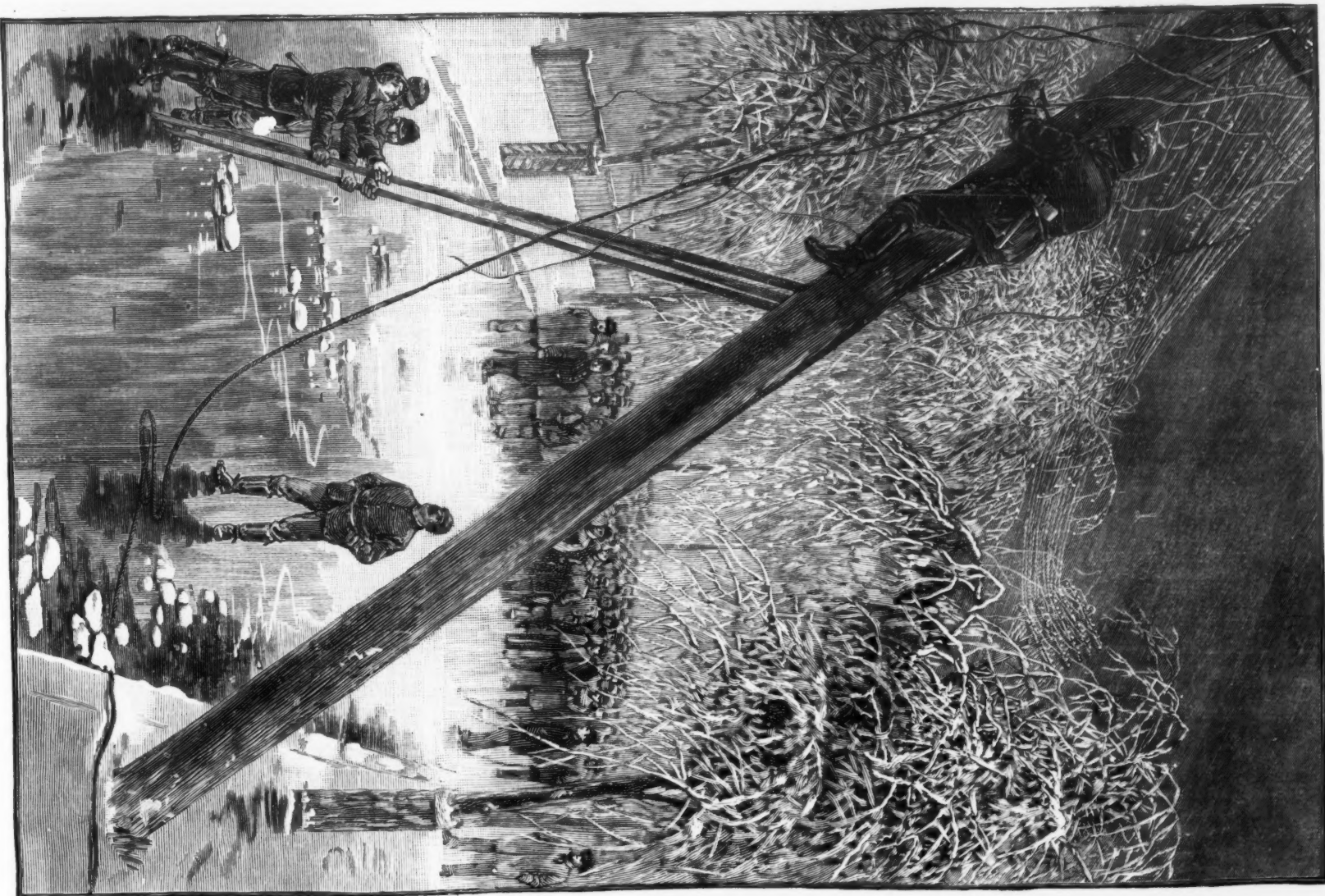
Passenger steamers stranded.



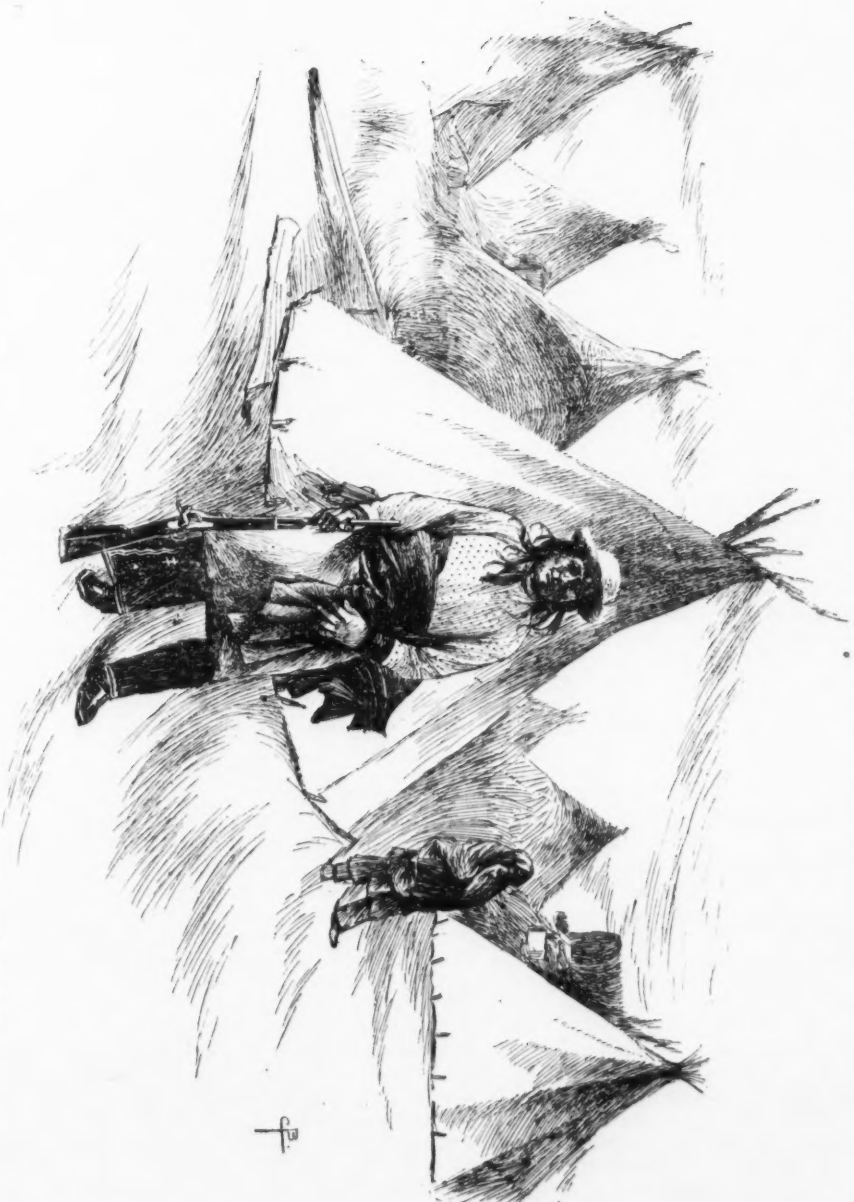
A boat of one hundred and twenty tons burden stranded across the main road one-eighth of a mile from shore.

NEW YORK.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE RECENT ICE-JAM AT EDDYVILLE, AT THE TERMINUS OF THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON CANAL. FROM PHOTOS SUPPLIED BY CHARLES T. COUTANT.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

THE RECENT SNOW-STORM IN NEW YORK CITY.—POLES AND WIRES DOWN.—DRAWN BY J. BECKER.



1. Captain Evers, 2. Lieutenant Mallory, 3. Captain Pierce, Indian Agent, 4. Medical Director Baché, 5. Captain Ives, 6. Colonel Kent, 7. General Nelson A. Miles, 8. Captain Baldwin, 9. Lieutenant Cowan, 10. Captain Humphreys, Q. M., 11. Captain Mann, A. D. C., 12. Colonel Corbin, Adjutant-General.
GENERAL MILES AND STAFF AT PINE RIDGE AGENCY, JANUARY 8TH, 1891.



CHIEF YOUNG-MAN-AFRID-OF-HIS-HORSES AND HIS TEEPE AT PINE RIDGE AGENCY, JANUARY 17TH.
THE RECENT INDIAN TROUBLES IN SOUTH DAKOTA.—FROM PHOTOS EXPRESSLY TAKEN FOR "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."—[See Page 7.]

WHAT IS LOVE?

WHAT is Love? went the query round;
Slowly each one an answer found.

Love, said the maiden, is a youth,
Pure in his purpose, strong in his truth,
Noble in action, gentle in speech,
Ready to learn or ready to teach,
Full of the hero's spirit and fire,
Regal in manner and in desire,
Straight as Apollo, mild as a dove,—
These are his glories, and this is Love.

Love, said the young man, is a maid,
Fair as the sunset's flush and shade,
White of soul and gentle in mind,
Sharing the griefs of all her kind,
Ready to bear the world's sad stress,
Filled with infinite tenderness,
Moved by all that a heart may move,—
These are her beauties, and this is Love.

So I heard them, and in my soul
Something whispered me: Both are wrong
Each hath part and neither the whole.
Then the answer I'd sought so long
Came as a vision, and I heard
This, the diviner law and word.

Love is not human, for life is short.
And Love has never passed from his court;
Love is wise as the stars are wise;
Man has only earth-seeing eyes:
Love has never been touched by death;
What is life but a moment's breath?
Love is not youth, for youth must err;
Passions his unstained soul may stir,
Love is not as a maiden pure;—
Even her faith may not endure.
Make Love grand and noble and wise,
Give him a woman's tender guise,
Fashion him as you can or may—
This is not Love, for this is clay.

Deep in my heart, then, the answer stirred;
This was what in my soul I heard:
Love is a spirit, hid in the clod;
Love is an angel, and sent of God.

FRANK ROE BATCHELDER.

THE ROOM-MATES.

BY JOHN B. RAYMOND.



ENRY HADLEY and John Ashton had roomed together for six months, but had never exchanged a word. There was no quarrel between them; they were not deaf mutes; they were normal, every-day young men, and one, at least, longed ardently to hear the other's voice.

It came about in this way: Hadley was a reporter on the *News-Herald*, where he had filled a certain round of dry-as-dust assignments for years and was not much liked by his associates. He had a tendency to drudge; he wore faint "mutton-chop" side-whiskers and turned up the bottoms of his trousers when it rained. But he was really a capital fellow, and in spite of his prosaic exterior he had a little romance of his own. He was engaged to be married, and Alice Tyler was a girl of whom any one might well be proud. She was the niece of a friend of Hadley's, and when he proposed to her, after a long, despairing courtship, he was astounded to find himself accepted. It seemed incredible that such a perfect creature could ever be his own, but after he had somewhat recovered from his transports his practical nature asserted itself, and he began to retrench his expenses in preparation for the event. Thus it was that he eventually answered an advertisement for a room-mate.

It so happened that the other occupant of the room was also a reporter, although a very different stamp of man. John Ashton was a meteoric genius. He was a waif from dead and gone Bohemia. His forte was the strange, the odd, and the grotesque, and his startling and unlooked-for strokes had gone far toward making the *Chronicle* famous. In his field he was invaluable, and he had long since killed his chance for promotion by meriting it too much.

The *News-Herald*, as everybody knows, is published in the afternoon, while the *Chronicle* is a morning daily, and Hadley, who had made his arrangements through the landlady, was disappointed, when he awoke early on the first day in his new quarters, to find that his room-mate, who had let himself in sometime during the night, was then asleep in the little alcove opposite his own. He had promised himself much pleasure from the society of a man whose work he so much admired, but the pale, handsome face and slight form, relaxed in the languor of deep sleep, prompted him to dress as quietly as possible and slip out without awakening the other.

It turned out, to Hadley's infinite chagrin, and probably to Ashton's secret amusement, that this was no mere accident. The former went to work early in the morning and his duties ended when the big presses threw out the first copy of the last edition, at about dusk. Ashton, on the other hand, arose a little after noon, lounged about until dark, and left his desk any time between one and three o'clock at night. Consequently, when he reached the room he invariably found Hadley asleep, and when he awoke he was the only occupant. And vice versa. Several things conspired to maintain this fantastic relationship. Their offices were remote from one another. Their work was essentially different. It did not make common resorts or mutual friends. So it easily chanced that by day they never met.

Such was the curious train of events which had carried them through one summer and into an autumn that brought to Hadley many a miserable heartache. A shadow had somehow fallen across the honest fellow's love affair. It was hardly to be defined in terms; that was the worst of it—it was so intangible; so

difficult to say just what was wrong. There was a change in Alice. She was silent; she was distraught; her tears came and went like April rain. Yet she protested that nothing was amiss, and met his well-meant questioning with an impatience that surprised and frightened him; for he did not know very much of women, and her asseverations sounded to his ears like confessions in disguise. Above all, he felt a cumbersome unfitnes to cope with the situation. It was like a plow-boy essaying to probe a sensitive wound, and at length he feared to speak lest he should precipitate some unknown crisis.

Thus it was, when at dusk one autumn day he walked from the office to Alice's home to pay one of his customary visits. It was an indolent evening, suave with the spell of Indian summer, and through the dreamy haze that wrapped the city even the hum of traffic sounded faint and harmonious, like a choir of giant insects at the approach of night. He fell into a vague reverie as he walked on, and when he stopped mechanically before the house he did not ring at once, but sat down upon a little bench just within the gate and masked by lilac-bushes.

The narcotic calm of the scene and hour had lulled him into serenity, and night fell unmarked, until, at length, a familiar voice broke in upon his meditations. He recognized it on the instant as Alice's, but it was mingled with deeper tones that were unfamiliar to him. Although no words had yet detached themselves from the tangle of sound, it seemed to him that one voice was urging and one remonstrating. Presently they came nearer and stopped by the gate.

"Oh, I cannot! I cannot!" some one cried. It was Alice's voice, and although there was not a jot of the spy in Hadley's nature, something in the intonation held him spell-bound.

"But why not?" said the other voice, a melodious baritone—low, persuasive, thrilling. "But why not? It was a conditional promise; the conditions have changed and that is—"

"No; it is not that," broke in the girl. She was speaking quietly, but a pathetic little quaver ran through her words. "Oh, can't you understand! He is honest and true, and I could not break his heart!"

A moisture sprang on Hadley's forehead and very slowly he opened and closed his hands. There was a pause, and then the pleasant baritone again:

"Are there no rivers in Damascus? What of my heart, Alice?" Hadley heard no more. Something seemed to suffocate him. His breath went no further than his throat, and the dusky web of lilac-branches danced in black and shapeless phantasmagoria before his eyes. He was dimly conscious of a patter of feet, a wave of perfume, and gush of yellow light as the hall door clashed open and shut, and then he knew he was alone again.

Alone! A hideous sense of loss and bitter, hopeless desolation, such as he had never felt and never dreamed of, overwhelmed him. He did not think; he did not dare to think. He staggered to his feet, opened the gate, and passed out.

To run away; to elude this thing as if it was some sentient, palpable pursuer, was the first impulse that possessed him, and he hurried on, blindly, stumblingly, he cared not where. How far he walked thus he had no means of knowing, but when he stopped it was on a thronging thoroughfare, before the window of a great emporium, aquiver with electric lights. He drew a long breath and pulled himself together. An illuminated dial that punctured the gloom of the upper air marked after midnight, and a faintness began to assail him, a deadly reaction that turned his knees to water. The careless, alien crowd jarred on him, the barbaric splendor of the windows smote upon his brain; he wanted to be alone, and presently he saw the open doorway of a café and entered.

A few people sat at tables here and there, and on one hand were the curtained doorways of a row of little rooms or stalls. He walked instinctively toward one of these and drew the drapery aside. A man within, who was musing, apparently, over a bottle and a half-eaten meal, turned at the sound, and the room-mates looked one another in the face.

Ashton was the first to recover himself, and sprang up with outstretched hand.

"Why, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed, "am I indebted to insomnia for this pleasure?"

Hadley took his hand absently, but did not at once reply. What was there about that voice, with its plausible, vibrating timbre, that thrilled him so?

"I have been a little troubled," he said, hesitatingly, "and tried to—walk it off."

"Ha! And came in here, I dare say, to drown it in drink, as the proverb goes. My word for it, trouble is the thirstiest thing on earth. I tried to drown a small sorrow in drink once, and when I was under the table there was the sorrow, sober as a judge. But I'll tell you something, Hadley, it won't stand feeding. The proper thing to drown a sorrow in is mutton chops and fried potatoes. Suppose we put it to the touch. Waiter!"

"Hold!" said Hadley, who burned to stop this badinage. "I am not hungry—not in the least. Let me sit down a moment and think."

He sank into a vacant chair and gazed at the other with a sudden, haggard intentness. A thought had just occurred to his distracted mind. Why was not this man, so bright, so versatile, so self-contained, so *en rapport* with the great world and its usages—why was not he the very man of all men to give him counsel in this predicament?

"Ashton," he said, "I am in distress. Will you give me your advice?"

Ashton smiled grimly.

"You have come to a good shop for advice," he said. "My whole life is more or less of a warning. However, if I can be of any service to you, blaze away. Out with it, my boy!"

But Hadley did not find the story so easy to tell.

"I am engaged to be married," he said, at length.

"Ho! ho!" cried Ashton, "I foresee a stern parent with a prejudice against literary characters." Then something in the other's face checked him, and he dropped his tone of levity. "Forgive me," he said, gently. "What is this trouble of yours? You need not mention the lady's name, of course. Make it a hypothetical case."

"Oh, no!" said Hadley. "I can confide in you. She is the best girl in the world. Her name is Alice Tyler."

Ashton was leaning over the table toying with a glass, but at

the words he rose involuntarily and fixed his eyes upon the other with strange and challenging regard. Hadley paused for a moment with a dim and troubled consciousness that he had touched some hidden spring; but only for a moment, and then, slowly and incoherently, he told his story. Ashton sank back as he proceeded and heard him in silence to the end.

"Do you know this man?" he asked, when it was done.

"No," replied Hadley, gloomily. "What does it matter who he is?"

Ashton did not reply; he seemed lost in thought.

"Hadley," he demanded, suddenly, "do you really intend to marry this girl? But pshaw!" he continued, "you are too honest to be a trifler. And this fellow—why, a thousand to one he is amusing himself looking for a new sensation, and has no more use for a wife than he would have for a bishopric. You must have saved some money, have you not?"

"Yes," said Hadley, rather surprised; "I have a few thousand dollars in bank."

"Well," sighed Ashton, "this is a world of fact, but we can't all grasp it. Some men are made for homes and some are not. I might have ten times your income, and the last chapter would find me a vagabond. I tell you, Hadley, you have no real rival. This is a shadow that has already passed, and shadows leave no trace."

Hadley felt vaguely comforted.

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"Do? Why, do nothing. For heaven's sake don't distress the girl with questions. I tell you this belongs to the past. Forget it. Bury it. Act as if nothing had happened, and all will come right in the end. If I were you I would make it convenient to be away for a few days. She will miss you, depend upon it, and you can begin where you left off. Can't you arrange to go away?"

"I think so," said Hadley. "When had I best go?"

"Go to-morrow. You will come back a new man and find her eager to welcome you."

Hadley reflected a moment.

"I will take your advice," he said.

When he returned home, at the close of the week, from a brief visit to a neighboring city, he mounted the stairs with an eager step, but paused, perplexed, in the open door. The room was dismantled of much of its furniture, and looked bare and unfamiliar. He entered, almost timidly, and read this legend, chalked upon the looking-glass:

KEEP WHAT TRAPS OF
MINE YOU FIND. HAVE
MIGRATED. GONE WEST.
GOOD-BYE. GOOD LUCK
TO YOU. J. A.

"It was an extraordinary thing," he used to say in after times, when he and Alice were happily mated. "Here was a brilliant, successful man, with the world before him, one might say, who pulls up stakes all of a sudden, goes out West, goes to the dogs, and inside a year winds up in a dance-hall fight with a bullet through his head. No, I can't say why he did it; he never mentioned it to me, although we roomed together over six months."

IN FASHION'S GLASS ABROAD.

LONDON, January 10th, 1891.

A VISIT to Paris has convinced me of many things. First, that there are three undisputed rulers of the fashionable world; i.e., the Princess of Wales, Queen Marguerite of Italy, and Sarah Bernhardt of Paris. Second, that while New York and London look to Paris for certain fashions for women, Paris and New York follow London in fashions for men, and both London and Paris are extremely wary of our peculiar "Yankee notions." A French woman can wear a London "flor-de-buil" gown with grace and ease, while a Frenchman with waxed mustache and imperial, in a London box coat, turned-up trousers, and a rolled-brim hat, is somewhat incongruous.

On Monday last, the fifth day of January, every retail "drapery" shop in London put out its sign, "Annual clearance sale," and the whole feminine world—and it is a large one over here—started out in search of "bargains." There were plenty of them, too, but upon investigation I found that it was not the best and choicest of the stock which had been marked down, but principally remnants or shop-worn goods; yet if any one took advantage of the few short hours of daylight before the fog settled down, there were many good things to be had, and really cheap, too.

The ready-made skirts, both in Paris and here, are a most convenient institution, and as they are generally accompanied with material for the bodice, a costume for any occasion may be put in readiness in very short order. I wonder that our New York shops do not go more extensively into this line of furnishing—it is a most desirable one, and would relieve many a soul tried with dress-making.

Although young people still cling to short skirts for ball wear—they are very general, nay, almost universal, with those who dance—yet trains are more worn than they were some two years back, and for all receptions, *soirées*, dinner parties, and functions where there is no dancing, even the youngest matron, or the young lady in her second season, dons a trained gown more often than not. Very few ladies who have reached middle age wear the short gown, excepting for walking and afternoon visits. Even the home gown has a demi-train, or, at least, falls on the ground for three or four inches. The "Cleopatra" bodice is the newest thing in evening gowns for young ladies. It is very pretty and quaint in soft-colored silk or *crêpe*, or even in India muslin or chiffon. It is cut with a round, half-low neck, and the material is drawn down to the waist in soft folds which terminate under a pointed girdle. From the under-arm seams, and close to the top of the bodice, there is a drapery of Oriental gauze of many colors, intermixed with tinsel, which is brought over the bust and drawn up at the centre with a large brooch or ornament. The girdle may be of the Oriental gauze over dark silk, but frequently a dark color covered with jeweled passementerie is very effective and uncommon. The sleeves of the lighter material are in short, full puffs, with ruffles which half cover the elbows. A pale, sea-green bodice of this sort is lovely in combination with dark gauze

in red, olive, and gold, and the belt of red or olive silk encrusted with tinsel trimming studded with jewels. The model may also be copied in chiffon and pale tinsel gauze, as used for ordinary ball gowns, with the silk or moiré belt edged with tinsel trimming, or with net covered with a narrow design in crystal beads and jewels. In ordinary *crêpe* cloth or *voile* this makes a very pretty bodice for demi-toilette wear, with a silk girdle and full ruche of frayed silk around the bodice.

The severe and lengthened frost has been duly appreciated by those who favor the exhilarating pastime of skating, and those who are selecting costumes for the brighter days which are promised very soon will do well to bear in mind the advantage of a short skirt, which will serve equally for the ice or for the damp days which necessitate a somewhat shorter gown than is usually worn. Some of the costumes worn on the ice are



A PARIS WRAP.

liberally bordered with astrakhan, but borders are somewhat old, and it is more fashionable to border a panel, or to edge one side of a panel or drapery.

Very handsome and uncommon are the long wraps and opera cloaks. The one illustrated is a new design from Paris, which is made of a fine quality of plush. Another shape, which would completely envelop the wearer from head to foot, is made of a lovely shade of green vicuna cloth, with hood and frill round the neck, and the entire lining of pale, shrimp-pink silk. A smaller one is of pink plush and brocade in a pattern of gold pines on a white ground. It is exquisite, and the price is only five guineas—about twenty-five dollars.

Black and amber seem to be the favorite colors among bonnets and hats, and the feathers, for richness and fullness, can hardly be surpassed.

Ribbons, flowers, and feathers, always in demand for evening wear, are being sold at positively fabulous prices, and it is quite worth while braving the fogs for the sake of picking and choosing from these items.

ELLA STARR.

LIFE INSURANCE.—REPLIES.

I AM overrun with communications and inquiries regarding the so-called investment and insurance bonds. The scheme of all of them is to take in members at five to ten dollars apiece, with monthly assessments of from fifty cents to two dollars, and to give to each member a bond for from \$100 to \$1,000, with the promise that he shall receive the face of this bond just as soon as the treasury has enough money to pay it in the order of its number.

I have said again and again that this scheme would, of course, result in paying off the bonds bearing the lowest numbers—i.e., those which were first issued—but that the others would have to wait, and some of them—a good many—would have to wait until doomsday. Every financier, every actuary, every man of experience in the insurance or the investment business agrees with me that the thing is nothing but the cheapest kind of a lottery. If you happen to be one of the insiders and get a bond with a low number, you may be able to have it cashed within a year or two, if the company does not fail to pieces. If you get a high number, it is inevitable that as soon as new members fail to come in, your bond will be of little or no value.

I have no doubt that every reader of this column has sufficient common sense to comprehend the nature of the swindle that the new scheme contemplates. But there is a vast army of persons, many of them without intelligence and without education, who are being drummed up by paid agents to enter into these new gambling concerns, and for these I have nothing but pity and commiseration. I think it is the duty of my readers to warn their friends and neighbors, particularly those in humble circumstances, against the numerous frauds labeled "investment insurance," which are springing up like mushrooms all over the country.

I learn from the communications sent me that the agents and solicitors of many of these "companies" are paid very handsome profits for the work they do, and that out of the money given them for membership fees and assessments they are allowed extravagant percentages. Of course this is an incentive to get new members, and these agents tell all sorts of enticing stories, and present their companies in the most alluring light. It is a misfortune that the scoundrels who are profiting by such enterprises, and who are making themselves rich out of the purses of the poor and needy, cannot be put where they belong.

A correspondent at Toledo asks in reference to the Order of the International Fraternal Alliance of New York. I have already expressed my opinion regarding this order. It cannot legally do business in this State, as the Superintendent of Insurance declares that it is not organized by the Insurance Department of New York, and has not received the final certificate of authority authorizing it to commence business as an assessment life insurance association. The company appealed to the courts for a mandamus to compel the Insurance Superintendent to issue such a final certificate, and the courts refused to grant it. It cannot legally transact the business of assessment life insurance in New York.

From Boston comes an inquiry in reference to the investment feature of life insurance policies, and a query as to whether I have read the letter of President Greene of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, in which he undertakes to show that the so-called investment policies are issued, not on an investment but on a speculative basis. I must confess that I have been inclined to believe in the new form of combined life insurance and investment; but I must also admit that some of the calculations presented by President Greene seem to have behind them the common sense of good arithmetic. According to his calculations, the companies which offer these investment policies, bonds and consols, offer to do more than they can honestly perform. I cannot enter just now into a full discussion of this matter, but it shall have my attention.

It is said that figures do not lie, but all insurance figures must be accepted with many grains of allowance. It is for this reason that I have advised my readers always to make their own calculations. Let them accept the word of no insurance agent, but sit down calmly and figure out the problem for themselves. The glib-tongued agent can very readily demonstrate, to his own satisfaction, that a certain expenditure in life insurance in an investment policy will bring certain returns. Let my readers take his figures and then calculate them from their own standpoint, and see how the calculations thus arrived at agree with those of the agents. President Greene's letter opposing investment insurance bonds suggests the use of slate and pencil, and my correspondent, I take it, is able to make his calculations and prove or disprove Mr. Greene's conclusions.

A correspondent at Boston sends me a printed statement of the business done by the Equitable, Mutual, Northwestern, and the New York Life during the decade between 1880 and 1890. The comparison is made to operate to the serious disadvantage of one of these companies, and I am asked to pass judgment on the figures. If my correspondent will go to the local agents of the companies named and ask them for an explanation, he will, no doubt, receive it *in extenso*. The matter of percentages is a subject of constant manipulation by all insurance companies, and it is wonderful how the circulars of one will arrange the figures to the disadvantage of the others. If my correspondent does not get a satisfactory reply, let him write me and I will give him a succinct statement of the facts as they appear to me.

A correspondent at Cary Station, Ill., asks for information in reference to the Modern Woodmen of America. He inquires if I think it will develop into a good, reliable company. The Modern Woodmen is not, apparently, one of the most prosperous companies of its kind. Its income does not appear to largely exceed its expenditures, and the number of its certificates in force is much smaller than that of many other similar organizations. I think my correspondent could find a better and a stronger company. It does no business in the State of New York, and was incorporated in Illinois in 1884.

The same correspondent inquires about the Metropolitan Accident Insurance Company of Chicago. I find no reference to this in the Insurance Reports. Possibly my correspondent meant to refer to the Metropolitan Safety Fund Accident Association of Chicago.

A correspondent at Cleburne, Texas, inquires regarding the Home Life Insurance Company of New York. This is a stock company with a capital of \$125,000. Its total income during 1889 was \$1,224,000, and its disbursements a little over \$908,000. It paid in commissions to agents, salaries, and traveling expenses over \$180,000—a pretty large payment considering the amount of business done. The company has a fairly good record, but is not one of the largest and therefore would not be given a preference by me if I were about to take out a policy.

From Providence, R. I., I have an inquiry regarding the Preferred Mutual Accident Association of New York, and its offer to members of two supplemental policies at \$3 each per annum: one for \$5,000 for accidental death, and the other a payment of \$25 per week for disability. The payments are to be made in either case only if the policy-holder be the victim of an accident while traveling in steam cars, cable cars or electric cars, steamboats or ferry-boats. The inquiry says: "Is this a reliable concern, and is it possible for them to offer so much for so little?" The Preferred Mutual Accident Association received during 1889 from members a little less than \$150,000. Its disbursements were \$138,000, and it had a balance on the year's business of over \$47,000, with actual liabilities of \$9,500. It had over 15,000 policies in force at the close of 1889, and was apparently doing a safe and profitable, though not very large, business. The company stands quite well, and is in the hands of good workers. The amount paid for commissions and salaries, however, seems to me to be too large in proportion to the business it does.

A reader of this paper at Rockford, Ill., says, in addressing "The Hermit": "Your articles are making some people cautious about taking out insurance in everything that comes along." Well, I certainly am glad of this. It is about time that people were more cautious in spending their money in life insurance risks. My correspondent adds an inquiry about the Knights and Ladies of Honor, who have recently formed a lodge in his city.

He wants to know whether it is a "good and safe order." It is as good and safe as many others of its character. It was organized in Boston in 1882, and has done considerable business as a fraternal order, though it does not compare in standing and the amount of business transacted with some of the organizations of this kind. I do not believe that I would care to unite with this association with an expectation of getting cheap life insurance from it, in preference to spending my money with some good, strong, safe insurance company. This order does no business in New York, according to the report of the Insurance Superintendent.

From Kearney, Neb., comes an inquiry regarding the Total Abstinence Life Association of America, hailing from Chicago, and the query, "Is the above-named company able to fulfill its promises?" Of course it all depends upon what these promises are. Will my correspondent be a little more explicit in his inquiry? Send me a copy of what the concern offers to do, and I will cheerfully investigate.

A Graceville, Minn., correspondent asks regarding the standing of the Union Central Life Insurance Company of Cincinnati, and "if their ten-years policy issued November 16th, 1880, is good." I should have answered this communication before, but I have been waiting to have my correspondent tell me precisely what his policy promises. Let him send me all the facts and I will promptly reply.

The Hermit.

ICY FLOODS AT EDDYVILLE, NEW YORK.

THE village of Eddyville, on the Rondout Creek, in Ulster County, New York, is the northern terminus of the Delaware and Hudson Canal. It is one of the noted picturesque bits of the lower Catskill Mountain region, and has an exciting local history of disasters by fire and flood. Ice gorges have long marked Eddyville as an objective point for their most impressive works of devastation. The terrific flood of last month (January), of which some striking views from instantaneous photographs are given on page 4, was the worst experienced there since the memorable one of December, 1878.

The recent January thaw swelled the upper Rondout Creek, from the tributary mountain streams, to an alarming volume, which was held back by a heaped-up ice jam at Creek Locks, above the village of Eddyville. This dam gave way on Sunday night, the 11th ult., and the icy torrent swept down with an ominous roar, plunging over the Eddyville Falls into the lower creek, and striking the iron bridge with a crash that shook and strained the structure, but failed to carry it away. This obstacle formed a new dam, and the water immediately flooded the canal docks and the stores, residences, and streets on the west bank. Thirty cement boats lying near the lock were carried down the creek. Steam yachts and other pleasure boats were dragged from their moorings and crushed in the ice. A great many shops, etc., and one boat-yard along the creek were almost totally destroyed. The entire lower part of Eddyville, and a portion of New Salem, were flooded. The inhabitants suffered considerable losses of property and live stock.

MISS IMOGEN MORRIS.

NO "bonnier lass" was ever kissed by Southern suns than Miss Imogen Morris, of Louisa County, Virginia. Amidst all her buoyancy and youthfulness there is about her the subtle dignity and half hauteur of "a daughter of a hundred ears," nor does she claim a pedigree less long. All the willowy lissomeness of the graceful young oak saplings that sway in the sweeping grounds about her splendid old ancestral home of "Grassdale" is suggested in her "svelte" young figure, and when to this is added that wondrous fairness of feature that knows no gainsaying—woman's proudest dowry—what would you more?

She is only a little out of her teens, but, with every advantage of wealth, prestige, and personal charms, has "belled" it from Boston to Baltimore, creating a periodical flutter among the students at the University of Virginia whenever she has attended the "Finals" balls there.

At a gorgeous colonial ball in Richmond last spring, Miss Morris was voted by many the loveliest woman present. Her face is pale, unless under excitement. Her locks are of the "blonde cendree" tint, her eyes are soft and big and gray and darkly lashed, and her nose and mouth and general contour almost defy criticism. Her mother, now Mrs. Hale, the wife of a prominent Massachusetts *litterateur*, is herself a wonderfully handsome and fascinating woman.

THE RECENT INDIAN TROUBLES.

OUR correspondent at the scene of the recent Indian troubles sends us a number of illustrations of incidents connected with the close of the "unpleasantness," and of events succeeding the return of the hostiles to the Pine Ridge Agency. We give two of the illustrations—one showing General Miles and his personal and departmental staff, and another depicting Chief Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses and his tepee. This well-known Indian was elected Chief of the Sioux Nation on the 19th of January, two days after our picture was taken. He is thought by some to be the ablest Indian alive—a man of great dignity, strength of character, and honesty of purpose.

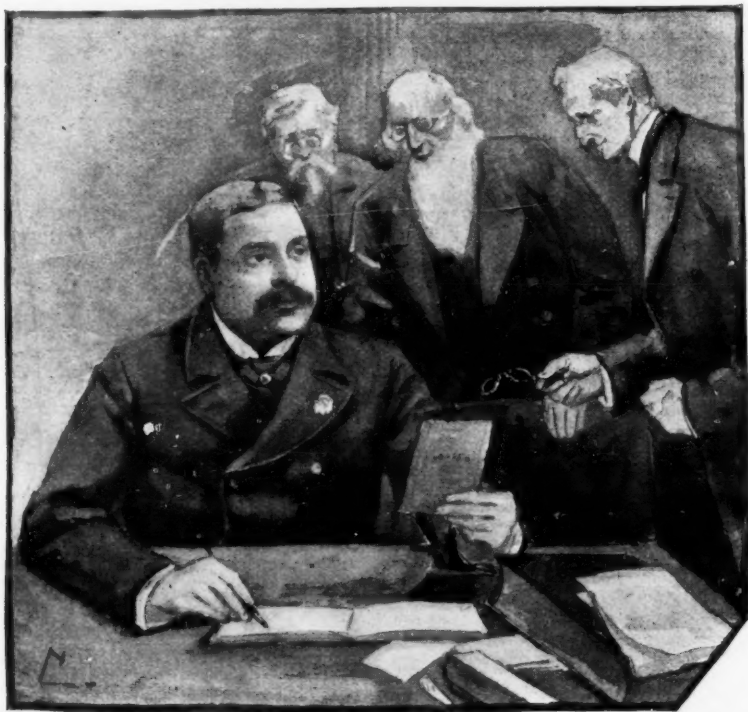
Our correspondent also sends us a picture of a notable incident of the Indian uprising, which has been most skillfully drawn by Mr. Daniel Smith, and represents the finding of Big Foot's chief medicine-man on the battle-field. This is one of the most striking pictures of the Indian difficulty that has been secured; most lifelike in the features of the interested parties, and particularly of the medicine-man, whose rank and influence stand almost next to that of the chief. With true inspiration of the scene the features in the foreground are brought out with splendid effect. The Indian war, brief as it was, had many interesting and exciting features, and FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, by the help of its correspondents who were on the ground, has been able to give the public the first and best representations of its leading incidents.



How the country's representatives paid attention to the discussion of the Fair Elections bill.



"If the gentleman from Massachusetts thinks the people I have the honor to represent consider me a fool and a lunatic, he is much mistaken."—MORGAN OF ALABAMA.



Senator Wolcott admires the photograph of a new Colorado baby that has been named after him.



Vice-President Morton follows the debate.



Mr. McPherson grows desperate because Mr. Call of Florida does not give him a chance to speak after a month's preparation.



Senator Hampton receives a bundle of adverse criticisms from his constituents.



Senator Call has a cold in the head.



Hearing his own Pension bill discussed.



The bill is passed.



A member of the House argues a little scheme with Senator Hiscock.

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

RESULT OF THE SECOND COMPETITION FOR PRIZES OFFERED BY "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER" TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.—THE WINNERS' NAMES AND THE WINNING PICTURES.

At the close of our first Amateur Photographic Contest on August 16th last, the publishers announced a second competition open to amateurs, which was to close December 1st. Shortly before that date arrived, however, so many requests were made to have the time extended in order to permit contestants to more carefully prepare the work they desired to enter in competition, that those in charge of the contest, realizing that a great many were undoubtedly hampered in their efforts to obtain suitable pictures by reason of the unpropitious weather which prevailed during the early winter, decided to extend the time until January 15th.

As in the first contest, the competitors in the one just closed hail from every State in the Union, while in addition many pictures have come from abroad—England and Canada sending a majority of those received from outside our own country. There were 517 contestants in all in the present contest, each of whom entered on an average six pictures, making 3,000 photographs from which the judges had to select ten to which to award the following prizes:

FIRST—An award of \$135 in cash (or \$200 in case the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper) to the amateur photographer sending us the most perfect and artistic specimen of work done solely by himself or herself from the time of making the exposure to the mounting and finishing of the photograph.

SECOND—An award of \$75 in cash (or \$100 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper) to the amateur photographer sending us the next most perfect and artistic specimen of work done solely by himself or herself from the time of the exposure to the completion of the photograph.

THIRD—An award of \$50 in cash (or \$75 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper) to the amateur photographer sending us the third most perfect and artistic specimen of work done solely by himself or herself from the time of the exposure to the printing and finishing of the photograph.

FOURTH—An award of \$35 in cash (or \$50 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper) to the amateur photographer sending us the most perfect and artistic specimen of work, the exposure of which has been made solely by himself or herself, and the developing, mounting, or finishing by others.

FIFTH—An award of \$20 in cash (or \$25 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper) to the amateur photographer sending us the second best specimen of work, the exposure of which has been made solely by the contestant and the developing, mounting, or finishing by others.

SIXTH—An award of \$10 in cash (or \$20 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper) to the amateur photographer sending us the third best specimen of work where assistance has been rendered him or her by others subsequent to the time of making the exposure.

SEVENTH—An award of \$8 in cash (or \$15 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper) for the fourth best specimen of work done by an amateur photographer without assistance from others.

EIGHTH—An award of \$6 in cash (or \$10 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper) for the fifth best specimen of work done by an amateur photographer without assistance from others.

NINTH—An award of \$5 in cash and an award of \$4 in cash (or \$8 and \$7 respectively, if the successful contestants are subscribers to the paper) for the fourth and fifth best specimens of work respectively done by amateur photographers where assistance has been rendered by others subsequent to the time of making the exposure.

After a careful examination the judges have announced the following awards:

FIRST CLASS.

(Where all the work has been done solely by the contestant.)

FIRST PRIZE, \$135—F. T. Harmon, 15 Thirty-ninth Street, Chicago, Ill., for his picture, "Now Don't You Tell."

SECOND PRIZE, \$100—E. J. Montud, 216 A Street S.E., Washington, D. C., for the picture, "Hard Luck." This picture is entered under the name of E. J. Montud, who turns out to be Mr. J. E. Dumont, of Rochester, N. Y., the first-prize winner in our last contest, as is shown by the following letter received from him:

ROCHESTER, January 17th, 1891.

MESSRS. ARKELL & HARRISON, NEW YORK CITY.

GENTLEMEN:—Not caring to have my name published as a competitor at your second competition, I sent my pictures in under an assumed name, that of E. J. Montud, which is my right name transposed, and gave as my address the place that I call home (though I do not live there). As you wired me last week asking if the picture "Hard Luck" was entirely my own work, I take it for granted that you have considered it among the best ones sent in, and as I do not care now whether you know it or not, I write you this letter.

The picture "Hard Luck" was taken from life, and, with all the others that I sent you, is entirely my own work in every respect, from beginning to end.

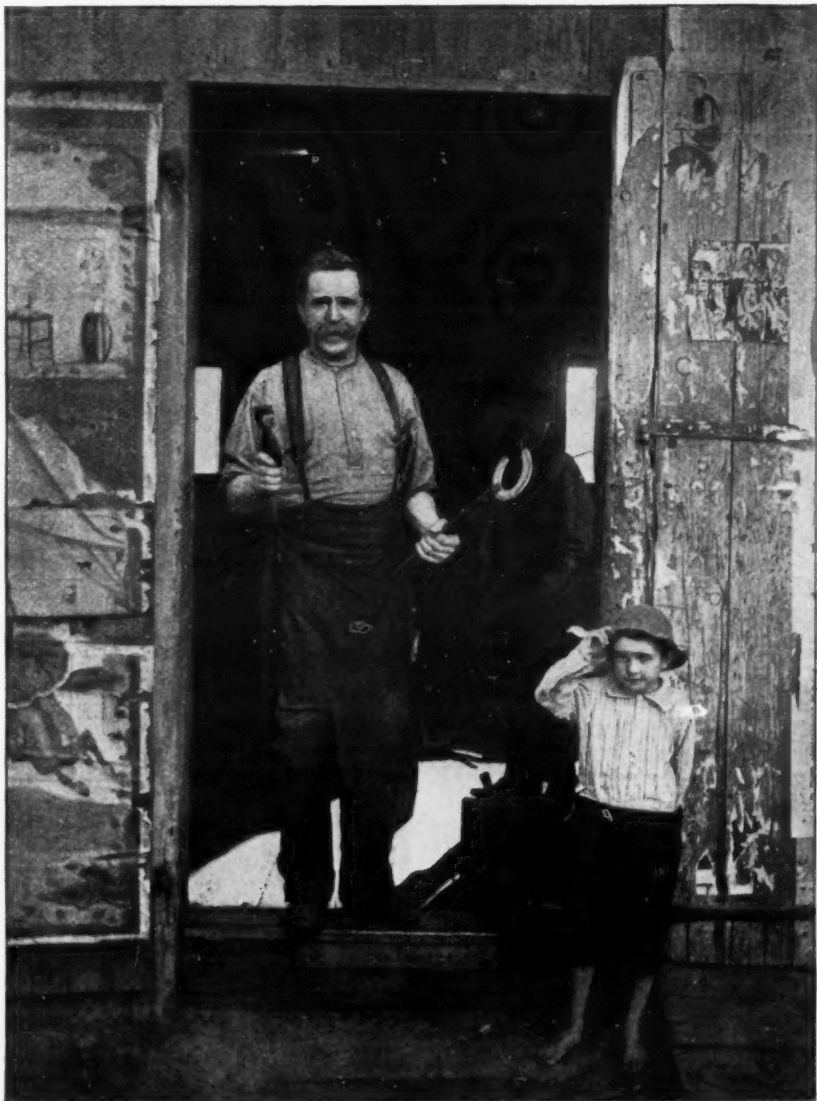
As nothing was said upon that point I do not suppose I have done anything out of the way in not giving my right name.

Yours very truly,

JOHN E. DUMONT.

We telegraphed to Mr. Montud at Washington to ascertain under which class the picture was entered, and received his reply as above stated. While "Mr. Montud" does not appear on our books as a subscriber to the paper, Mr. Dumont does, and as they seem to be the same person, the amount of the prize, in accordance with our offer, is increased from \$75 to \$100.

THIRD PRIZE, \$75—Miss E. J. Farnsworth, 25 Elk Street, Albany, N. Y., for the picture, "Fagot Gatherers." Miss Farnsworth also appearing as a subscriber on our books, has been entitled to the increased amount, making her award \$75 instead of \$50.



"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH": PHOTO BY HERBERT O. WARNER, HARTFORD, CONN.
THIRD PRIZE OF TEN DOLLARS IN THE SECOND CLASS.

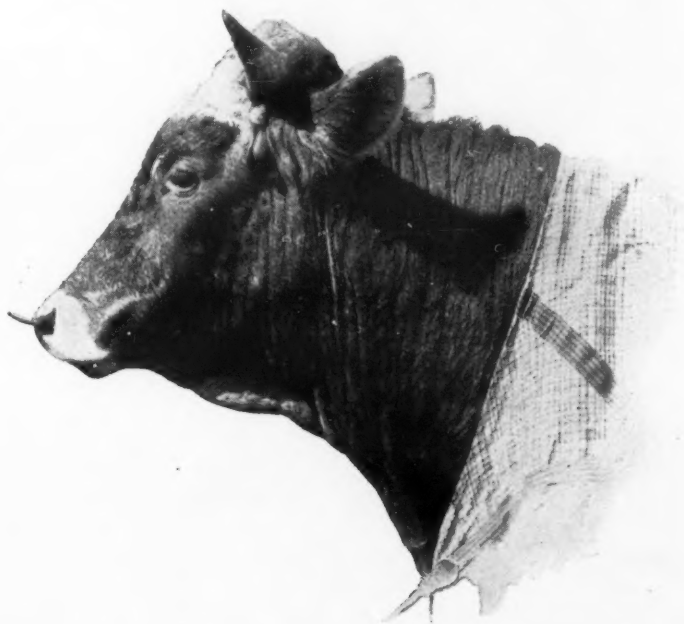
FOURTH PRIZE, \$15—W. S. Clow, Wilkesburg, Pa., for the picture, "Memories of the Past." Mr. Clow being a subscriber, has received an increase of his award from \$8 to \$15.

FIFTH PRIZE, \$10—Robert E. M. Bain, 515 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., for the picture, "Head of a Jersey Bull." Mr. Bain's name also being found on our books as a subscriber, receives the additional award, making his prize stand \$10 instead of \$6.

SECOND CLASS.

(Where assistance has been rendered the contestant subsequent to the time of making the exposure.)

FIRST PRIZE, \$35—To Mr. R. T. Hazzard, 814 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for his picture, "Been up to Mischief."



"HEAD OF A JERSEY BULL": PHOTO BY ROBERT E. M. BAIN, ST. LOUIS.
FIFTH PRIZE OF TEN DOLLARS IN THE FIRST CLASS.

SECOND PRIZE, \$25—Mrs. Claud Gatch, Salem, Oregon, for the picture, "Romeo and Juliet." Mrs. Gatch, being a subscriber, receives \$25 instead of \$20.

THIRD PRIZE, \$10—Herbert O. Warner, Hartford, Conn., for the picture, "The Village Blacksmith."

FOURTH PRIZE, \$5—H. J. Newton, Fordham, New York City, for the picture, "View on the Hackensack River."

FIFTH PRIZE, \$7—Alfred Stieglitz, 14 East Sixtieth Street, New York City, for the picture, "An Unwilling Bath." Mr. Stieglitz also comes under the subscribers' class, receiving \$7 instead of \$4, as stated in the first announcement.

Special mention is given to the picture, "The Bridge and the Ford," entered by Mr. C. S. Kingsland, of New York City. Mr. Kingsland sent in a number of charming pictures, as did also Mr. J. H. Chalker, of the United States steamer *Seward*, stationed at Mobile, Ala.; Captain William Imlah, The Citadel, Quebec, Canada, and Lieutenant Knight, of the United States steamer *Chicago*. Captain Imlah's pictures were excellent hunting and snow scenes taken in the Canadian woods. As a whole, the pictures entered in the present contest showed considerable improvement over those of the first, and, taking into consideration that the work on most of them had to be done in the fall and winter months, and that part of the time cloudy and stormy weather prevailed, we think our amateur photographic friends deserve great praise. That they have surpassed their professional brethren, both in enterprise and in artistic work, is conclusively shown by a comparison of the work sent in by both classes. The professional photographers have failed almost wholly to take advantage of the offers made by the publishers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. The few entries which have been made are unfortunately too few to constitute the groundwork of a healthy competition. At the present moment we are undecided what disposition to make of that feature of our original announcement. At a later day we hope to be able to make some definite disposal of it. As it is, we congratulate our amateur photographic friends, and most cordially invite them to participate in a third competition, as announced below, in which the awards and conditions are equally as liberal as in the one just closed.

THIRD PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

The publishers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER offer the following awards, to be competed for by amateur photographers exclusively, in a third competition:

FIRST—An award of \$135 in cash (or \$200 in case the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper) to the amateur photographer who shall send us the most perfect and artistic specimen of work done solely by himself or herself from the time of making the exposure to the mounting and finishing of the photograph.

SECOND—An award of \$75 in cash (or \$100 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper) to the amateur photographer sending us the next most perfect and artistic specimen of work done solely by himself or herself from the time of the exposure to the completion of the photograph.

THIRD—An award of \$50 in cash (or \$75 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper) to the amateur photographer sending us the third most perfect and artistic specimen of work done solely by himself or herself from the time of exposure to the printing and finishing of the photograph.

FOURTH—An award of \$35 in cash (or \$50 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper) to the amateur photographer who shall send us the most perfect and artistic specimen of work, the exposure of which has been made solely by himself or herself, and the developing, mounting or finishing by others.

FIFTH—An award of \$20 in cash (or \$25 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper) to the amateur photographer sending us the second best specimen of work, the exposure of which has been made solely by the contestant, and the developing, mounting or finishing by others.

SIXTH—An award of \$10 in cash (or \$20 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper) to the amateur photographer sending us the third best specimen of work where assistance has been rendered him or her by others subsequent to the time of making the exposure.

SEVENTH—An award of \$8 in cash (or \$15 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper) for the fourth best specimen of work done by an amateur photographer without assistance from others.

EIGHTH—An award of \$6 in cash (or \$10 if the successful contestant is a subscriber to the paper) for the fifth best specimen of work done by an amateur photographer without assistance from others.

NINTH—An award of \$5 in cash and an award of \$4 in cash (or \$8 and \$7 respectively, if the successful contestants are subscribers to the paper) for the fourth and fifth best specimens of work respectively done by amateur photographers where assistance has been rendered by others subsequent to the time of making the exposure.

As in the first and second contests, a page of the paper will be devoted each week to the reproduction of the choicest pictures received from week to week, and at the close of the competitive period the successful photographs will be published.

Whether a contestant is a subscriber or not will have no weight whatever in the rendering of the decisions. A subscriber will have an extra advantage, after a decision is arrived at, of receiving a larger amount by 50 per cent. than he would were he not on our subscription list. A person can subscribe for the "Weekly" for one, six or twelve months, as he or she may choose, only the subscription must be received by us prior to the date of the closing of the contest to permit of its falling under the subscription class.

RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

The contest will close September 1st, 1891, and the prizes will be awarded as soon thereafter as possible. All entries in the contest must be received by us before September 1st. No restriction is made as to the number of photographs sent in by any one contestant, nor as to date or time of taking them, excepting that photographs which have been entered in our previous contests cannot be received in the present competition.

The photographs must be sent in mounted and finished complete, and must in all cases, when forwarded by mail or express, be fully prepaid, otherwise they are liable to rejection.

The size of the photograph can be as large or as small as the judgment of the contestant may dictate.

The subject of the photograph may be scenery (animate or inanimate), architecture (exterior or interior views), or any object which the contestant may choose.

The contestant must fill out the following blank (cutting the same from the paper) and send it in with the photograph or package of photographs which he desires to enter in the contest. Each entry in the competition must be accompanied by one of these blanks properly filled out. An entry, however, can consist of one or a number of photographs, as stated above, and when sent in at one time but one blank is required. If a number of photographs are sent in by the same contestant at different times, they must each time be accompanied by a blank, filled out as stated.

In addition to sending the blank below, the contestant will kindly write his name and address on each photograph he may send in.

All entries and communications must be addressed as follows: ARKELL & HARRISON, JUDGE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Name.....

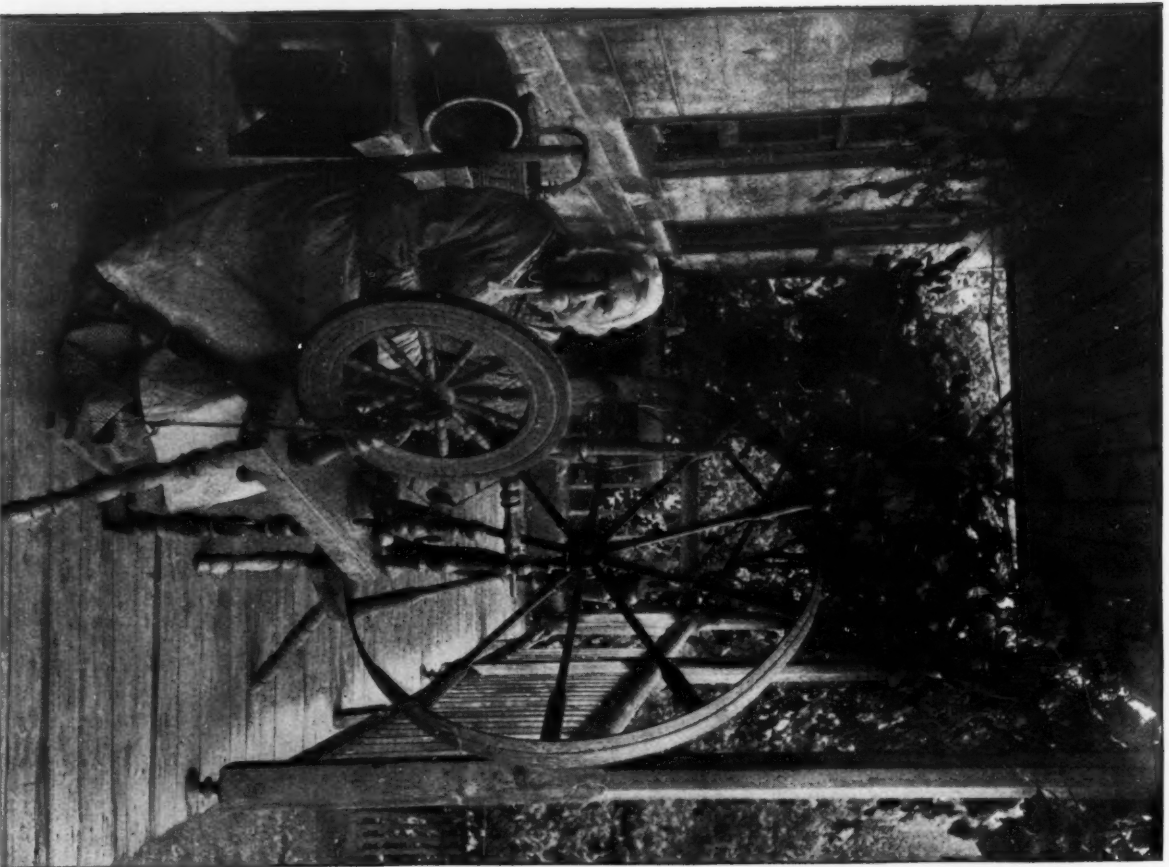
Address.....

State whether work was done with or without assistance from others.....

How many photos are inclosed..... Date.....



"FAGOT GATHERERS": PHOTO BY MISS E. J. FARNSWORTH, ALBANY, N. Y. THIRD PRIZE, FIRST CLASS, SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

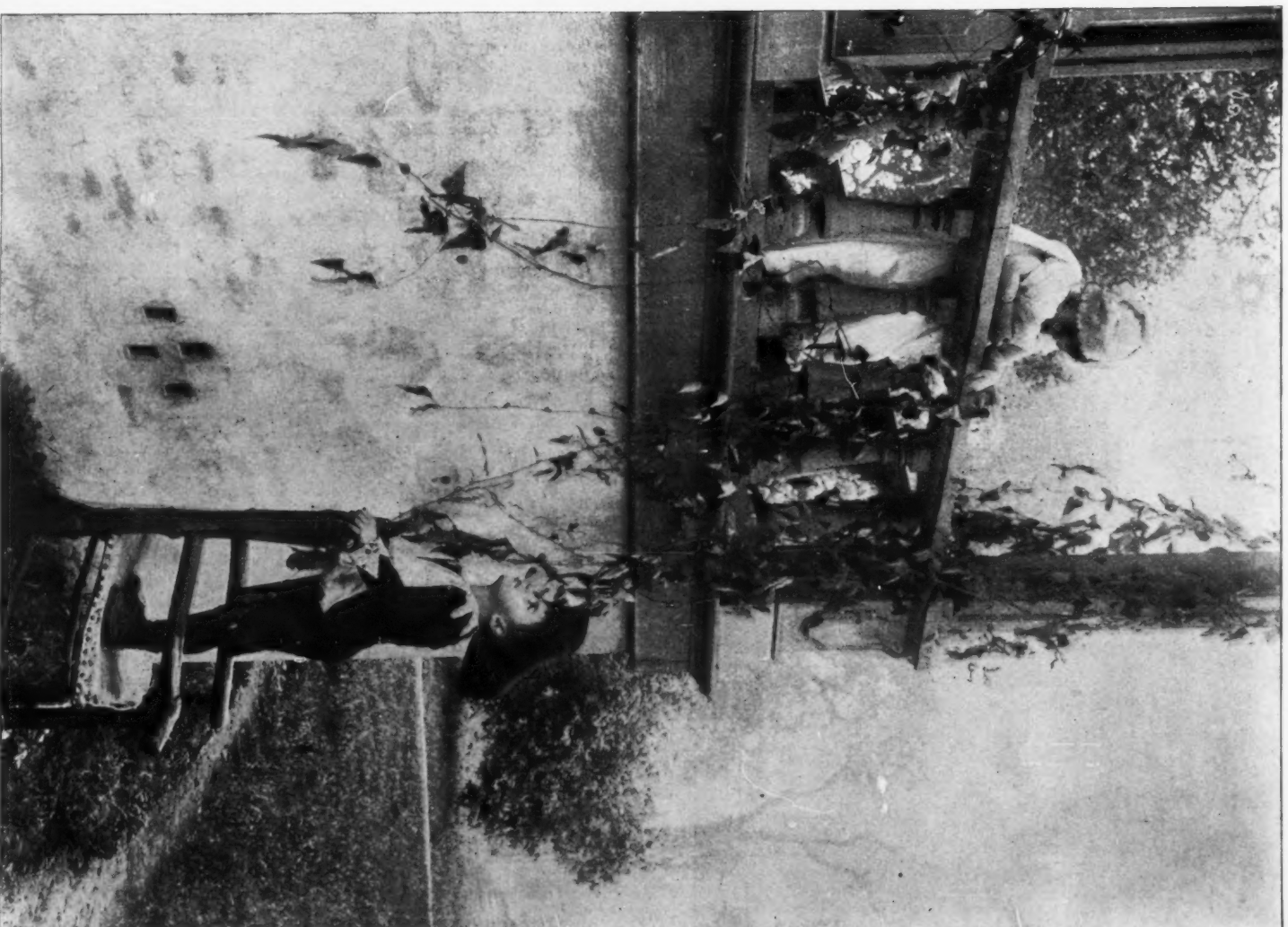


"MEMORIES OF THE PAST": PHOTO BY W. S. CLOW, WILKINSBURG, PA. FOURTH PRIZE, FIRST CLASS, FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

OUR SECOND AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.—THE WINNING PICTURES.



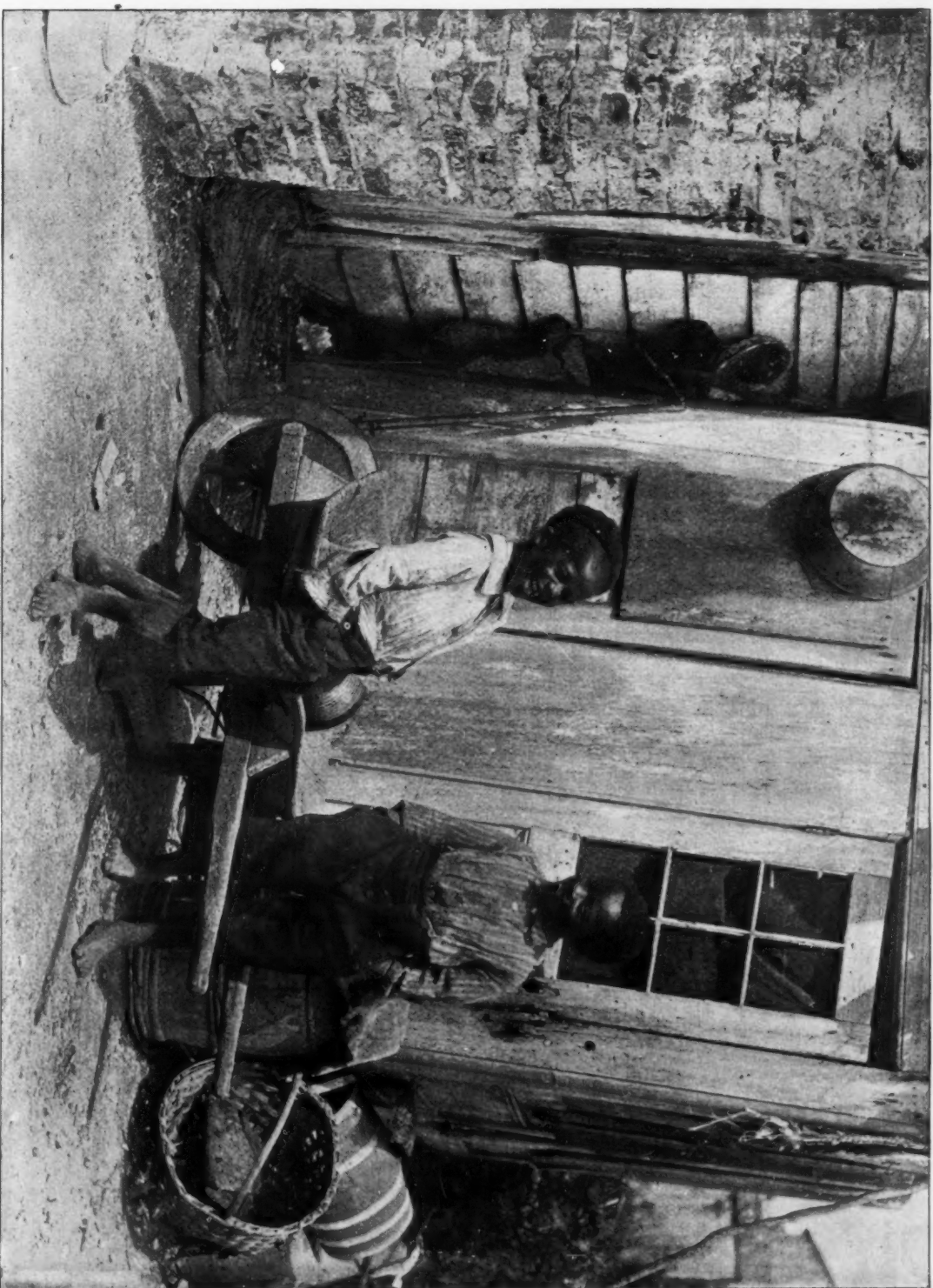
"VIEW ON THE HACKENSACK RIVER": PHOTO BY J. H. NEWTON, FORDHAM, N. Y. FOURTH PRIZE, SECOND CLASS, FIVE DOLLARS.



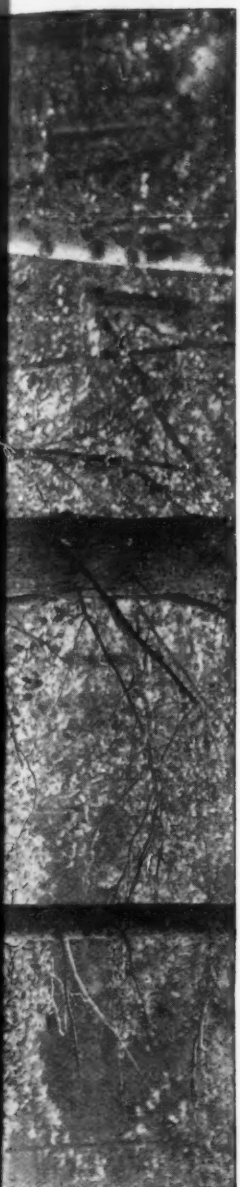
"ROMEO AND JULIET": PHOTO BY MRS. CLAUD GATCH, SALEM, OREGON. SECOND PRIZE, SECOND CLASS, TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.



"NOW DON'T YOU TELL": PHOTO BY F. T. HARMON, CHICAGO. FIRST PRIZE, FIRST CLASS, ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS.



"BEEN UP TO MISCHIEF": PHOTO BY R. T. HAZARD, PHILADELPHIA. FIRST PRIZE, SECOND CLASS, THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS.





"THE BRIDGE AND THE FORD": PHOTO BY C. S. KINGSLAND, NEW YORK CITY. FAVORABLE MENTION.

THREE FAMOUS MEN.

BY DAVID KER.

ONE bright winter morning a vast crowd had gathered on the Admiralty Plain at St. Petersburg, to watch a parade of the Russian Imperial Guard. All along the front of the Admiralty building (the golden spire of which rose up against the pale blue sky like a great tongue of flame) stood like a granite wall the gray frieze overcoats of the stalwart grenadiers, with thousands of bayonets glittering above them. Farther to the left, beneath the sixty-foot pillars of polished red granite forming the front of the Isaac Cathedral, the black caps and green jackets of the artillery, and the painted cars and shining muzzles of their light brass cannon, were sharply outlined against the clear white of the new-fallen snow; while backward and forward along the far-extending line flew the handsome face, and rich uniform, and spirited brown horse of the Commander-in-Chief, the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaievitch (Nicholas, son of Nicholas), who had himself, when hardly more than a boy, witnessed the fiercest battle of the Crimean War.

But the cavalry regiments were the most striking sight of all. From the corner where I had taken my post I could see at one glance the famous "Olga Cuirassiers," with their polished breast-plates, huge jack-boots, and shining helmets, surmounted with the golden eagle of Russia; the blue, silver-laced jackets and black horses of the Imperial Cossacks; and, more picturesque than all, the bright scarlet tunics and dark, handsome, southern faces of the renowned Circassians of the Guard, a thousand strong, still wearing the same pointed helmets and chain-mail hoods in which they had once fought so fiercely against these very Russians amid the grim gorges of the Caucasus, under their great chief, Schamyl, whom I had seen watching their manoeuvres from a Russian general's window not many months before.

And the crowd assembled to look at this splendid show made quite as striking a spectacle as the show itself. In the wall of faces that hemmed me in to right and left I could see specimens of every race from the White Sea to the Black.

There, peering from the folds of his tattered sheep-skin frock, was the sallow, bearded, low-browed Russian "muzik" (peasant), with his stolid, patient, unprogressive nature plainly written in his hard, wooden, expressionless features. There, in birch-bark shoes and flat, greasy cap, stood the short, squat Finn, planted on his broad feet like a wrestler—his round, puffy visage, blotched with thick yellow hair, being irresistibly suggestive of an over-boiled apple-dumpling. There towered the tall, wiry Cossack, gaunt and tireless as the wolves of his native wilds, with a fierce fullness of life in every line of his long, sinewy limbs.

There, too, were the big, light-haired, good-natured German, and the burly Estonian, with his heavy limbs and broad, lumpish features, and the grimy Tartar, whose flat, brown, wide-mouthed face looked just like a penny with a hole through it, and the slim, dark-eyed Polish

Jew, with his long, twisted hair streaming from under his black, tumbler-haped cap. And there, conspicuous above all, shone the sleek, tiger-like beauty of the Georgian mountaineer, flaunting in all his barbaric finery.

Evidently the crowd was expecting some one or something that had not yet arrived, for from time to time the sea of heads swayed round away from the gorgeous pageant before them, and all eyes were turned eagerly in the direction of the Isaac Cathedral. There was plainly something of special interest still to come, and it came at last—a group of three horsemen, riding slowly round the corner of the great cathedral, at sight of whom a mighty shout, uttered by soldiers and citizens alike, rolled along the great space like a peal of thunder.

All three were fine and striking-looking men, but in a widely different way. The midmost of the three was a tall, noble figure in the uniform of a German officer, put on in honor of his two guests. His face was eminently handsome, but there was already a tinge of gray in the thick brown mustache, and the large dark eyes had the worn, hunted look left there by the terror of that secret murder which haunted his steps day and night; for this man was the Czar himself—Alexander II. of Russia.

But although he was usually the mark of every eye, it was not at him that the crowd looked so eagerly to-day.

There was no need to ask who was the tall, powerful, soldier-like man on his left, for that bold, manly, sun-burned face, those frank, fearless eyes, and that thick, reddish brown beard were now familiar to all lands from the Caspian to the Atlantic. It was the famous Crown Prince of Prussia, the hero of countless battles, the "Unser Fritz" (our Fred) of his adoring soldiers, and one day to be, for a few short months, Frederick III., Emperor of Germany. But though the Russians glanced admiringly at him now and then, all their attention seemed to be fixed on the third man, who rode at the Czar's right hand.

This third man, though long past seventy, sat as erect on his horse as the youngest soldier there, and surveyed the armed thousands around him with a look in his deep, thoughtful, bluish-gray eyes such as a giant might cast at a file of toy soldiers set up on a table by a child. One could read his iron will in the set lips and firm chin; and his strong, clear, smooth-shaven face had an expression of quiet, overwhelming power which made every man who came near him look small.

It was Marshal von Moltke, the greatest soldier in Europe—the terrible strategist who had crushed like paper the best armies of Austria and France, and carried the banner of the German Empire in triumph through the gates of Paris—the man of whom some one had said, when asked how many languages Moltke spoke: "He never speaks in any, but he can hold his tongue in ten."

"Baatooshka! eto li veleeki gienerrall?"

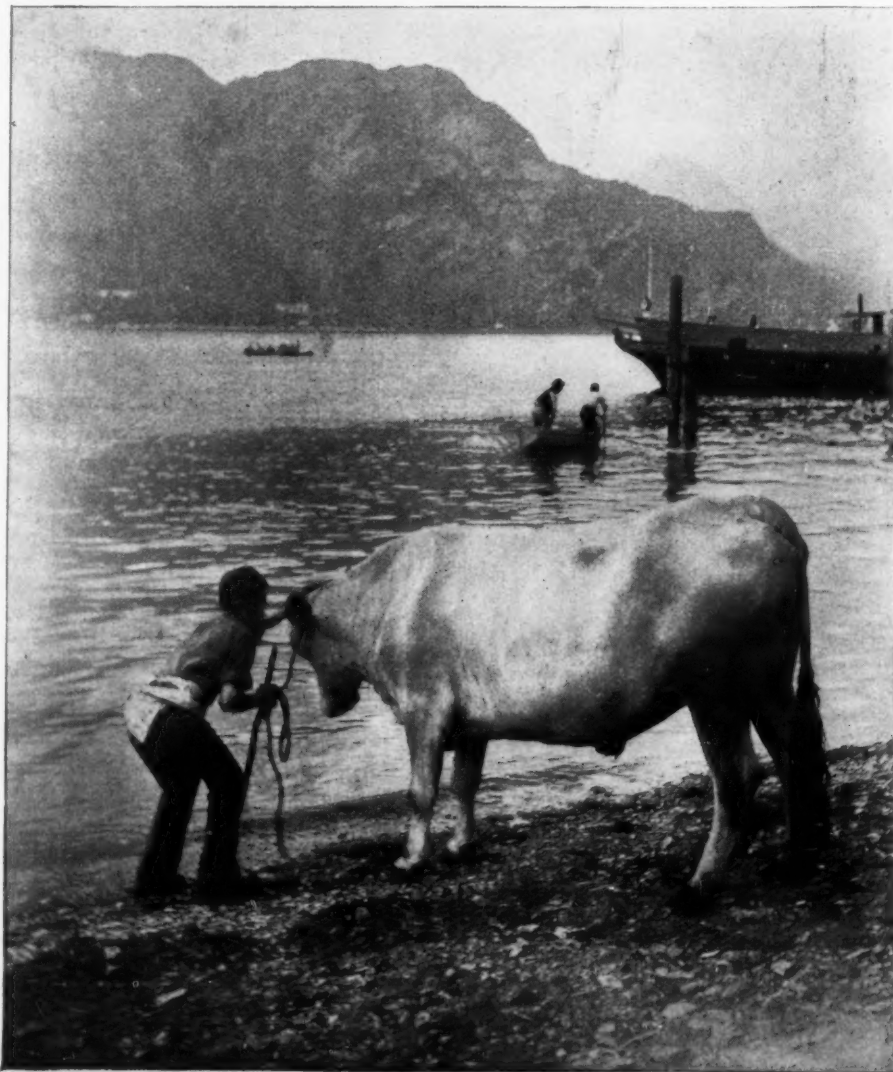
(Father, is that the great general?) eagerly asked a sturdy peasant beside me, pointing to Von Moltke as he spoke.

"Eto on, brat; sam Moltke" (That's he, brother; Moltke himself), said I, and all my neighbors devoured him with their eyes so long as he was in sight.

No one could then have foreseen that the old warrior, who might have been the father of his two younger companions, would survive them both for many years. Yet so it is. The Czar has fallen by the hand of an assassin, the Red Prince has been cut off in his prime by a cruel disease; but the aged marshal still lives and thrives, and celebrated his ninetieth birthday in Berlin on the 25th of last October.

GOOD WORDS FOR VOLAPÜK.

Writing of that always interesting theme, Volapük, in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, Charles E. Sprague explains that the aim of the new language is "not to supersede, but to supplement, to provide a means by which the races of mankind may become intelligible to each other while retaining their mother tongue. This is merely to extend the clearing-house idea to matters of language." Good. May the day soon come when Volapük can be taught "in ten easy lessons." Such a clearing-house in the immediate neighborhood of the Tower of Babel would have met a great popular want, and in these days of labor-saving devices the demand for it or something like it is immense. Let us all do our utmost to perfect and popularize Volapük.—*New York Tribune*.



"AN UNWILLING BATH": PHOTO BY A. STIEGLITZ, NEW YORK CITY. FIFTH PRIZE, SECOND CLASS, SEVEN DOLLARS.



THE RECENT INDIAN TROUBLES.—THE MILITARY GUARD, SEARCHING THE FIELD AFTER THE FIGHT AT WOUNDED KNEE. DISCOVER THE BODY OF BIG FOOT'S CHIEF MEDICINE-MAN.—DRAWN BY D. SMITH, AFTER A PHOTO TAKEN ON THE SPOT.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

THE ARAB SLAVER AT STANLEY FALLS —EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

By E. J. GLAVE, ONE OF STANLEY'S PIONEER CONGO OFFICERS.

UPON Stanley's return to Europe after his great journeys in Central Africa, his exploration and final descent of the Congo to the Atlantic Ocean in 1877, he was invited by King Leopold II. of Belgium, who was president of L'Association Internationale Africaine, to revisit that mysterious land, through which he had but lately traveled, and found a line of posts along the banks of the Congo River, with the object of bringing those savage tribes of the far interior within the embrace of civilization, and also to form the nucleus of a government destined ultimately to rule those vast territories so aptly described as the "Dark Continent."

By 1883 marvelous changes had taken place. Those same people who had put off in their war canoes and savagely attacked Stanley and his wearied but unconquered little band in 1877, and who had answered his words of peace and friendship by jeering speeches and flights of poisoned arrows, had now learned to respect and trust the strange white being whom they had so persistently sought to destroy but a few years before. The whistle of Stanley's little steamers, now churning the dark waters of the Congo to the heart of Africa, was to-day hailed with delight by these same tribes. Not as in former days is the spear raised in anger and the bow-string tightly drawn. The arrival of the white man's boat is now the signal for an unrestrained outburst of delight. During the day natives flock around the boat, bringing all kinds of food—goats, fowls, bananas, yams, corn, eggs, etc., to exchange for beads and cloth from Mputu (white man's land), and at night the hideous war songs, recounting the interesting forms of annihilation which they had promised to Stanley in 1877, are now replaced by songs of peace and by merry dancing. This was now the rule; occasionally, of course, exceptional cases of sullen hostility were met. Stanley was known to all these people as Tondéle, which was as near to his name as their powers of pronunciation would admit of.

Late in the fall of 1883, Stanley, in his little side-wheeler, *En Avant*, and accompanied by the *A. J. A.* and *Le Royal*, the other two small boats of his flotilla, was nearing Stanley Falls, where he intended establishing a garrison post, this being the extreme head of navigation on the Upper Congo River. Some dead bodies of natives bearing bullet wounds were now seen floating along with the stream, being ghastly evidence of the presence of the Arab slaver, and marking the advance of these merciless hordes.

When Stanley passed down the Congo River in 1877 the Arabs had not reached so far to the westward as Stanley Falls, but now several large encampments of them were established round about here. The Arabs had now made Stanley Falls their headquarters, whence they dispatched their cut-throat Manyema and Zanzibari followers into the surrounding country in search of ivory and slaves.

The time had not arrived when the white man's influence and power in the heart of Africa would admit of carrying a war into the lines of this enemy to mankind; civilization had as yet too feeble a hold on this savage land to warrant any forcible resistance to the overwhelming force of the slave raiders.

However, Stanley decided to leave a post here in command of a young Scotchman named Bennie, with a garrison of a score of blacks. This was a feeble barrier against the farther descent of the slaver down stream, but still it checked him. Stanley was already well known to the Arabs; they were perfectly well aware what kind of a man he was who had "found David Livingstone" and "crossed Africa." He was already termed by them "Buana Mkubwa" (big master). The presence of his representative at Stanley Falls, half-way across Africa, could not be disregarded by them.

Stanley Falls Station was the advance guard of civilization in Equatorial Africa. The resistance to the Arabs' further advance was faintly shown in the presence of the white man on the extreme frontier of the slaver's forward column. It was a new feeling for the Arabs to find their progress checked; they were in the habit of attacking in irresistible force the small, poorly-armed settlements of natives. Stanley's white man at Stanley Falls was, in his present position, unfitted to offer any active resistance, but his presence brought to a halt this army of banditti. The thread of stations founded along the banks of the Congo by Stanley gave civilization a claim to these lands which the Arabs were bound to acknowledge.

Stanley Falls Station did not lessen the extent of murder, rapine, and outrage committed by the slavers in pursuit of their hideous calling, but simply feebly defined their limits down the Congo River. Had not Stanley occupied the Congo country, and had it not been recognized by all the great Powers as the Congo Free State at the Treaty of Berlin in 1885, the populous villages on the banks of that great stream would long ago have been devastated by the Arabs. It is always known as the Congo Free State, but as no other nation has any share in the administration except Belgium, and as the King of the Belgians is the sovereign of the Congo Free State, it would be more rightly termed the "Belgian Congo State." Fate seems unrelentingly antagonistic to the native of Equatorial Africa. He seems born to suffer pain and sorrow—often from birth doomed to wretchedness and oppression.

These people are fine, robust specimens of humanity, and their country is teeming with natural wealth; but these elements, so conducive to prosperity and happiness, are simply a mockery under the present conditions of oppression and persecution to which they are always subject. The heart of Africa is the happy hunting-ground of the Arab slaver; giant expeditions, well-armed and equipped, are constantly pouring into Africa from Morocco, Tunis, Egypt, Zanzibar, and other ports, solely for the object of gathering slaves and ivory.

In some few parts of northern Africa slavery is simply the substitution of enforced for free labor. The natural indolence of the Mohammedan has taught him to surround himself with a retinue of slaves to wait hand and foot and answer every beck and call; but the catching of these poor wretches and the ill treatment by their cruel masters, who drive them, shackled and yoked, in herds over the hot desert and through the tangled jungle,

leaving the sick to die and be torn to pieces by the wild beasts—the caravan road clearly defined by ghastly landmarks of whitening skulls and fetid corpses.

Every traveler who has penetrated into the heart of Africa has been compelled to witness the lamentable persecution which the natives incessantly suffer at the hands of the Arab slaver. All the great men of African authority have graphically depicted the sufferings caused by this inhuman traffic. Stanley, Gordon, and Livingstone have drawn the world's attention to the existing evils of African slavery. The most remorseless and cruel of all these persecuting hordes are certainly the Arabs, Manyemas, and Zanzibaris, at present so energetically employed on the headwaters of the Congo and its tributaries.

Stanley Falls is the main depot of the Arab slaver. Here Tippu Tib and his Arab associates live a life of comparative luxury, reside in fine large clay dwellings, cultivate plantations of grain and vegetables, have a little stock and poultry, and, surrounded by their harems and a goodly stock of servants, they pass their time apparently in indolence, making little calls and sipping coffee. But Tippu Tib and his associates, so immaculately robed in white linen, represent an administrative power controlling several thousands of hired murderers, who are told off in bands and sent into the neighboring country in search of ivory. These men, more correctly speaking, are ivory hunters; it is the search for ivory that takes them into the heart of Africa. Slavery and its attendant cruelties play a part subservient to this, and there is no attempt on the part of the Arabs to purchase the ivory from the elephant hunters of the far interior. They steal it. A band of Arabs and their followers learn of a village in which some of the occupants have ivory. During the night the native settlement is surrounded by these fiends, and at the earliest streaks of dawn some of the grass-thatched roofs are fired and a few guns discharged. The natives, scared by the unusual noise, emerge from their huts only to fall into the hands of their persecutors. Some of the older men are shot, so as to intimidate the others, and any who resist meet with instant and violent death. All the natives captured are securely shackled, so as to prevent their escape, and the Arabs then open up negotiations with the remainder of the tribe, and return the enslaved captives in exchange for ivory. Often it happens that there is not enough ivory to redeem all those who have been captured; in that case the Arabs carry off the remaining slaves and exchange them with some foreign tribe for ivory, or as subjects for human sacrifice in connection with some tribal ceremony, or even to supply a cannibal orgie. Some of the stronger are retained as carriers for the stolen ivory, and a few of the women enter the harems of the slavers.

Occasionally the Arabs will make friends with certain tribes, so as to utilize them against their neighbors. Some of the native villages on the river bank have no ivory, and are powerful fighters and industrious agriculturists or fishermen. The cunning Arab has respected the villages of these people, as they could be most useful friends.

The native fishermen round about Stanley Falls have never been molested, but have been allowed to pursue their calling in peace, and in consideration of supplying the Arab camps with fish, their villages have remained unillaged. It is only where the natives' friendship could not be dispensed with that they are ever spared. These people catch their fish almost entirely by basket traps, these being fixed right in the strong water, with their apertures to the stream, which brings along with its rushing current great quantities of fish, which are swept into the baskets. The building of the framework with which to hold these baskets in their place has been a big work, heavy wooden piles having been fixed right in the roughest part of the stream.

All the ivory conveyed to the east coast from Stanley Falls is carried on the shoulders of slaves, and the Arabs themselves calculate that only one-third of those dispatched reach their destination. The enormous death-roll caused by this scourge to Africa can be imagined—the number of those killed in the raids, those who die of sickness, privation, and hunger at the camps, and the loss of life on the caravan road to the East. All this cruelty exists—homes are destroyed and pillaged, husbands cruelly shot while defending their wives and children, and slaves captured, sold to be eaten, or sacrificed for tribal ceremony. All these atrocities are committed by man on man to enrich the spotless, white-robed Arab of Stanley Falls. It is for this perfectly arrayed being that this injustice exists.

At the headwaters of all the great tributaries of the Congo River the natives are incessantly suffering the same persecution at the hands of the mongrel Arabs. Cannibalism, so general on the higher reaches of the Congo, is an aid to the Arab slaver. He avails himself of this hideous propensity of the native by enlisting tribes in his behalf, paying them for their services as fighting men and guides by a share of the "meat" obtained in the raids—being the human beings killed by these brutes.

The Arab is absolutely without mercy for the poor wretches he holds in bondage—the young men and women in the prime of life, mothers with babies, all herded like so many cattle, covered with festering sores from the chafing wooden blocks on their wrists and ankles and the cumbersome fork which holds their necks, and receiving from their heartless masters just sufficient food to keep life flickering in their skeleton bodies.

The whole of Equatorial Africa is marked by clearings in the forests, once the happy homes of inoffending natives, now overgrown with weeds, a few charred heaps denoting the former presence of native huts, the plantations long since destroyed by herds of elephant and buffalo.

Can it be wondered at that these Africans are savages? How could they be anything else, suffering as they have done, as far as their memory can carry them, all the cruelty, indignity, and barbarous persecution which the devilish mind of the man-hunter can invent and perpetrate?

Africa has unlimited capacities of production. The natural commercial wealth of this part of the world is wonderful, but development of legitimate commerce is not possible with the existence of slavery in its present condition.

The natives are natural-born traders, but the incessant persecution of the raiders destroys all confidence.

The white men who had had charge of Stanley Falls Station lived on amicable terms with the Arabs until, early in 1886, when Captain Walter Deane was in command of the post, a war broke

out between the Arab settlement and Stanley Falls Station, owing to a disagreement resulting from Deane's efforts to protect a slave woman from cruelty. Unfortunately poor Deane was not sufficiently well supplied with guns and ammunition to carry on a war successfully against these hordes of well-armed Manyemas.

After three days' hard fighting—during which time Deane did some good execution with his Krupp guns—his men, finding their ammunition was giving out, became disheartened, and in the darkness of night embarked in canoes, and all but three west coast natives deserted their white officers and escaped down stream. Deane, seeing plainly that to remain longer at the station would mean certain and violent death, spiked his guns, fired the station, and escaped into the forest, where he lived on berries and roots for thirty days, and was eventually rescued and conveyed to the coast, whence he returned to Europe. The end of this brave man was indeed sad. After a stay of a few months in England, Deane returned with his friend Captain Bailey, on an elephant-hunting trip, and he who had so pluckily defended the Stanley Falls Station against the overwhelming force of the Arabs, in fulfillment of his duty and promise to protect the natives against their persecutors (unfortunately he was not sufficiently well equipped for such a bold stroke—the fitting moment had not arrived) now lies buried beneath a giant cotton-tree on the skirts of the Deane forest of Lukolela, having been killed by an elephant he had wounded.

Since Deane's flight and escape from Stanley Falls in 1886, the Congo Free State had made no effort to re-establish the station, nor even to enter into any negotiations whatever with the Arabs; but in 1887, when Stanley was in Zanzibar engaging his blacks for the Emin Bey Relief Expedition, he very wisely persuaded Tippu Tib to accept appointment under the flag of the Congo Free State and become their representative at Stanley Falls. Actually this was the very best arrangement that could be made. The State was not strong enough yet to cross swords with the Arabs, and it was undoubtedly good policy to be on good terms with them until the time should arrive when they could be effectually crushed.

Tippu Tib is now the recognized Governor of Stanley Falls District, but there are some white officers of the State occupying the site of the old station burnt by Deane.

Slavery is not confined to the Arabs, but is also practiced among the natives themselves. The want of union on the part of these people, however, renders the suppression a comparatively easy matter compared with the organized bands of Arabs knit together by a mongrel belief in Islamism.

During the last few years the limits of slavery have been considerably contracted. Not many years ago fleets of sailing-vessels left the west coast of Africa laden with slaves for foreign ports; the traffic by the Arab dhows from the east coast has greatly diminished. A church now stands in Zanzibar where the public slave-market stood but a few years ago. The British squadron has done much to suppress this part of the traffic.

The European Powers, by dividing among themselves the continent of Africa, accept a contract, of course, to administer to their respective territories justice to the inhabitants. Therefore the Congo Free State, French, English, German, and Portuguese governments, must protect their subjects from the perpetual oppression of their avaricious persecutor, the Arab slaver. Missionary efforts are totally ineffectual in ameliorating the condition of the African sufferer; they have no more effect than the indignation meetings held in comfortable and well-heated halls, spasmodically suggested by some fresh news of barbarism. The shackle and chain, now cruelly chafing the limbs of thousands and thousands of human beings in Africa, can only be broken asunder by force. The crimson banner of the Arab now boldly floats over the great slaving centres, Tabora, Nyangwe, Kasongo, Ujiji, an emblem of iniquity; and the spotless, white-clothed man-hunters of Stanley Falls will not desist from their iniquitous calling until some superior force compels them to obey the dictates of common humanity and justice. The Germans and English on the east coast are all the time strengthening their position and moving farther to the westward.

The forces of the Congo Free State are strongly intrenching themselves around Stanley Falls. These forces are gradually closing in on the Arabs, and enlightened civilization will be compelled in the near future to cross swords with relentless cruelty and barbarism. Such an issue is a very important one, and no preparation should be neglected; the chance of failure must not exist. The whole of the civilized world should bury petty differences and aid these Powers in their noble work in Africa. The downfall of the Arab slaver should be made doubly sure and every influence brought to bear to gain the entire confidence of the natives and render them hostile to the Arabs and friendly to the whites, so that not only will they render assistance in fighting their natural enemies, from whose merciless persecution they have so long suffered, but when the bugle sounds the attack and the guns of the white man proclaim the war declared, they will rally round the standard raised for their delivery. When the Arab slaver is beaten and compelled to flee he should find himself confronted by a hostile barrier of bristling spears handled by resolute natives resolved to complete the downfall and, if necessary, the total annihilation of their infamous oppressors.

The man of civilization condemns with indignation the barbarism of the Arab slaver, but let the white man pause and think for but one moment and he will realize how deeply he himself is implicated. By whom are the guns and ammunition supplied with which this persecution is carried on, and who is the consumer of the costly elephant tusk?

The power of the Arab and his Manyema follower is the superior weapon, the fire-arm; Arabs are not able to make guns or powder. These articles are supplied by the white trader, and this is a traffic which the great Powers should at once control as far as possible. It is the possession of the gun by the Arab which gives him his present tyrannical position over the multitudes of inoffensive and poorly-armed natives.

How the refined possessor of a delicately carved ivory toilet set, fan, or button-hook would recoil with horror, were it possible to see the blood-stained panorama of destruction to human life, relentless cruelty, and remorseless barbarism daily and hourly enacted to obtain the precious substance so highly prized, but purchased so dearly with human life in the far-off wilds of Africa!

E. J. GLAVE.

THE GROWTH OF ART APPRECIATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

"I have almost made up my mind to introduce a bill for the establishment at Washington of a Government art gallery. There is nothing, I am sure, that would do more for all the better class of industrial interests than the establishment of a great art museum at the capital. Every other nation has its great collection of art treasures, but I fear that we are not old enough for that. I do not think that Congress is as yet educated up to the point where it would vote large sums for the purpose of pictures and statuary. I think the majority of the members are well enough educated to appreciate the advantages of such an establishment and the wisdom of such appropriations, but the majority of them have not constituencies educated as yet to approve of their votes, and so many a member who might himself believe in such a thing would not dare vote for it. But some one must be a pioneer in that direction, and I believe that I will make the beginning and see what can be done."

THIS expression of opinion occurs in one of Mr. T. C. Crawford's letters to the *New York Tribune*, published a week or so since, and is credited to "one of our most experienced Senators." It is remarkable not only in itself as an expression of opinion, but as marking a most gratifying admission that the development of art and artistic appreciation is a matter which no longer concerns only the rich and dilettante class of society, but should interest the entire community.

It also shows that this art appreciation has already made wonderful growth in this country, and it is a fact that in the last two or three decades the appreciation of the best art work has increased to such an extent as to cause great amazement among the artists and art dealers of Europe. These have found recently that their best customers are here in America, and the connoisseurs and art patrons of European capitals now find that the competition of the United States is something to be feared.

And, too, this growth has had an important effect upon our native artists, for by it they have been brought into direct competition with the best of European artists, and as a necessary result they are now doing better work than ever before.

It was not very long ago that the annual exhibitions of the National Academy of Design in New York, though given with unflinching regularity, were pecuniary failures. The artists who composed the Academy exhibited their pictures hoping that the patronage to them as individuals, which would accrue from the exhibition, would repay them for their time and labor. But recently the exhibitions have attracted wider attention, and the number of visitors has increased to such a degree that the exhibitions themselves have become a source of profit to the Academy. And these exhibitions have led to independent exhibitions, and the formation of independent societies devoted to special branches of art—as, for instance, water-colors and etchings. Then, too, the exhibition of the famous masterpieces of European art which have been acquired by American citizens or societies has had a still further educating effect. Add to these the effect of such public institutions as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with its really magnificent examples of both ancient and modern art, and the art lover and student can readily appreciate the tremendous development of the art faculty and growth of critical appreciation which has taken place within the last twenty years.

A few years ago the knowledge of the works and names even of the finest modern masters was confined to a comparatively small class of citizens, whose wealth and leisure made it possible for them to travel over Europe, where they met with the works of these masters. Now, indeed, we meet with examples of Corot, Daubigny, Rousseau, Dupré, Troyon, Diaz, and their contemporaries in many American galleries, and the daily papers bring before us discussions of their merits and comparisons of their works. The names mentioned are those of the leading masters of the French landscape school, and specimens from the brush of each of them may be found in very many private collections in our American cities. And since the works of these masters have become familiar here their influence upon our native landscape artists has been immense. The exhibition, a year or more ago, at the Union League Club of New York, of the works of native landscapists, illustrated the degree of this influence, for nearly all the works shown in that exhibition represented the development of American art since the influences of Paris and Munich began to be potent in our studios. The works of Inness and Bierstadt, and especially Moran, show that these artists, although well along in years, and of a well-established reputation, are in full sympathy with the new school. Indeed, throughout the whole collection of pictures in that exhibition, the prevailing influences were French and Franco-Spanish.

A decade or two ago, when we gazed upon a landscape picture we were satisfied if the topography were correct and the coloring true to nature. Of course the truth of nature must never, under any circumstances, be sacrificed, but modern art demands something more than natural truth. There must be a spirituality, an individuality, a revelation of the artistic consciousness of the artist himself, as well as a transcript of nature, on the canvas, and when an artist fails in this regard he shows the absence of the divine spark of genius, however much he may excel in the technique of his profession. For this reason Corot and Rousseau among the French landscapists rank higher than the Daubignys. The latter were masters of technique, but in both Corot and Rousseau there was plainly shown on the canvas the soul of the artist. On the other hand, Turner, who is esteemed the finest landscapist that England ever produced, did not hesitate to sacrifice natural truth to express his ideal, and altered nature as he chose to suit the mood of the moment. If a tree on the bank of a river were too low, in his estimation, he heightened it, or if a mountain were considered by him to be disproportionately high he lowered it. For this reason, while his pieces were master-works as art compositions, they did not truthfully depict the scenes they aimed at. Turner was a genius with all the peculiar lawlessness that appertains to genius, and when the spectator gazed with admiration upon his works he forgot to ask whether the painting were true to nature, as indeed in the majority of cases it was not. But the Turner worship in England, for which John Ruskin is so largely responsible, is gradually dying out, and his defects as well as his excellences are coming to be recognized.

Landscape art, whether justly or not, has long been recognized as the highest expression of the brush. But very recently there has been an enormous growth of appreciation of imaginative

art. The French masters have long excelled in landscape and historical painting, but for the highest examples of imagination we must go to the Berlin and Munich schools. And among the most prominent of the masters in this line is unquestionably Wilhelm Kray, of Berlin, who died last winter. Two of the most important of this artist's works, which have come to America, hang in the galleries of citizens of Newark, N. J.—"Undine" in that of Mr. Thomas T. Kinney, and "The Fisherman's Dream" in the gallery of Mr. George A. Dowden. There is a pleasure in viewing some works of high imagination which is far greater and deeper than that afforded by either landscape or historical compositions. Here, the objective, as such, has no place, and the subjective reigns supreme. The artist paints the scene which he sees with his mental eyes, using his natural eye only as he uses his natural hands, as part of the mechanism by which he transfers to the canvas the picture he has already formed in his mind. Here, more than in any other branch of the pictorial art, is the opportunity for genius to manifest itself. Of course a certain amount of imagination is inherent in all true art work, but in the works of such masters as Kray it is supreme.

Even in portrait-painting there is room for the imagination. The portrait painter is not a photographer. He must idealize his subject to a certain degree, and, while of course a faithful portrait is the first desideratum, there are numerous opportunities for the exercise of the imagination. The pose, the drapery, the surroundings, the arrangement of foregrounds, of backgrounds, and of light, show the difference between the artist and the mechanical portrait painter. Sir John Millais, of England, has produced in some of his portraits just as truly artistic pictures as in his imaginative works; and some of the portraits by Daniel Huntington, of the National Academy of Design, show that the commercial side of the picture has not been allowed to overlap the artistic side.

Indeed, in all art work—in fact, in every manifestation of the æsthetic faculties, the imagination has its proper place, and in recognizing the presence of the imagination is seen one of the most satisfactory evidences of the growth of true art appreciation.

In architecture, too, may be seen the same evidences of development in art appreciation. Styles of houses which satisfied our fathers are utterly unsatisfactory now. In the architecture of to-day beauty of form is a prominent feature. The architect who is most an artist is the one who is most successful. Many of the private dwelling-houses and the abodes of trade and commerce are now handsome in appearance, as well as more comfortable and better adapted to the various needs of the occupiers than were the abodes of the fashionable and wealthy of a past generation. All the varieties of form, color, and material are brought together in one artistic whole, upon which the eye rests with satisfaction. In interior decoration the same results are found, and rarely indeed are now seen those inharmonious effects in form and color which were so glaringly prominent in former years.

All art expression, whether it appeal to the eye or the ear; whether it be pictorial, plastic, or architectural, is distinctly of a higher quality to-day than it used to be. To this general statement there are, of course, exceptions, but these only serve to enhance the truth of the rule. A Shakespeare, a Michael Angelo, or a Beethoven cannot be adduced to witness against the fact that the general popular mind did not appreciate the best works, and does to a large extent appreciate them in the present day.

Among the factors which have contributed to this development of art appreciation, must be considered the numerous public and semi-public exhibitions of high-class art works. Public galleries like those of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the National Academy of Design, the American Art Association, etc., have had a powerful influence in this direction. The many fine collections in the social and political clubs; the galleries of such enterprising art dealers as Knoedler, Schaus, Wunderlich, and others, the numerous loan exhibitions which are frequently given, and the private collections which are occasionally opened to the public, have all had a strong educational effect. To these must also be added the many art societies and clubs, some indeed composed exclusively of professionals, but others among whose members may be found many wealthy amateurs and connoisseurs.

Some of the societies in New York have combined in one to be called The American Fine Art Society. The Society of American Artists, the Art Students' League, the Society of Painters in Pastel, the New York Art Guild, and the Architectural League have joined together in forming this society, and among its life-members are included over two hundred of the leading citizens and art patrons of New York. This society intends erecting a magnificent building to be its home, and for the purposes of art exhibitions and art education. This building will stand on Fifty-seventh Street, west of Seventh Avenue, and the style of architecture is to be that of the Renaissance of Francis I. It is expected to be completed within two years.

The time has gone by when cultured Americans will be satisfied with the crude efforts of amateurs, and we now not only desire the best, but we know the best when we see it, and cannot be deceived into accepting poor work.

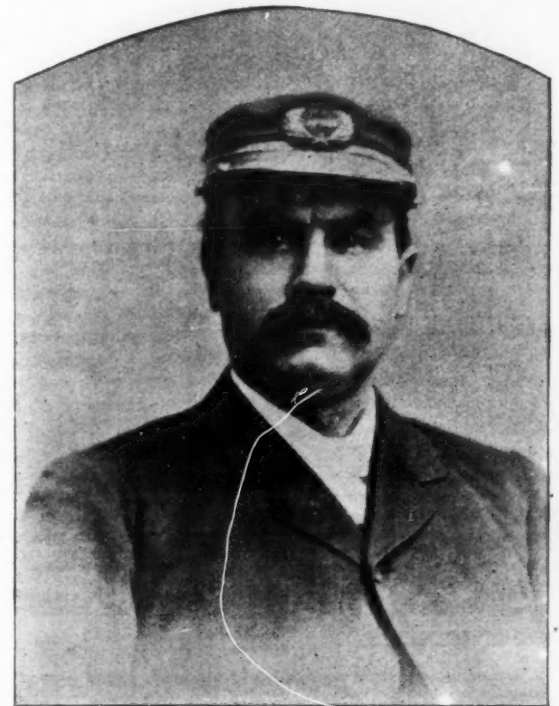
D. E. HERVEY.

CAPTAIN JAMES CARROLL.

At a convention held in Juneau, Alaska, on the 8th of October last, forty delegates, representing eight thousand citizens of southeastern Alaska, elected Captain James Carroll to speak for those neglected people in Washington. Captain Carroll is charged to put the wrongs and the needs of the Alaska citizens before the President and Congress, to urge the extension of land laws and timber laws, the establishment of some adequate judicial code and system, the extension of the mail routes to outlying settlements, and to ask a seat for himself as Territorial Delegate in the House of Representatives. The Chambers of Commerce of Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, and Port Townsend immediately indorsed the action of the Juneau convention, and added their memorials to the President and Congress.

Captain Carroll is one of the best-known ship commanders on the Pacific coast, where he has been for the past twenty-five

years. From a boyhood on an Illinois farm he progressed by way of the Great Lakes to life on the ocean wave. More deeds of heroism and bravery are set down to him than to almost any other one commander on the Pacific, and gold watches and silver plate testify by many duplicates to such acts. For the past eleven years he has commanded steamers running from the Columbia River and Puget Sound to Sitka. During this time he has witnessed the remarkable growth and development of the Territory, and himself contributed more than any other person to this growth. He cast his fortunes in with the remote Territory and has amassed a competency from his various mines, mills, wharves,



CAPTAIN JAMES CARROLL, DELEGATE IN CONGRESS FROM ALASKA.

fisheries, and ventures, holding to his first profession of master mariner only during the summer months, and as a matter of his own convenience and pleasure. While he is the strictest disciplinarian on ship, he is renowned as a practical joker on shore, and the Territory rings with anecdotes of him.

As a last resort Captain Carroll is backed by a syndicate which offers to pay the United States Government \$14,000,000 cash for the Territory of Alaska, if the Government still considers the country not worth extending to its citizens the same rights, immunities, advantages, and protection which it gives to every other section of the United States.

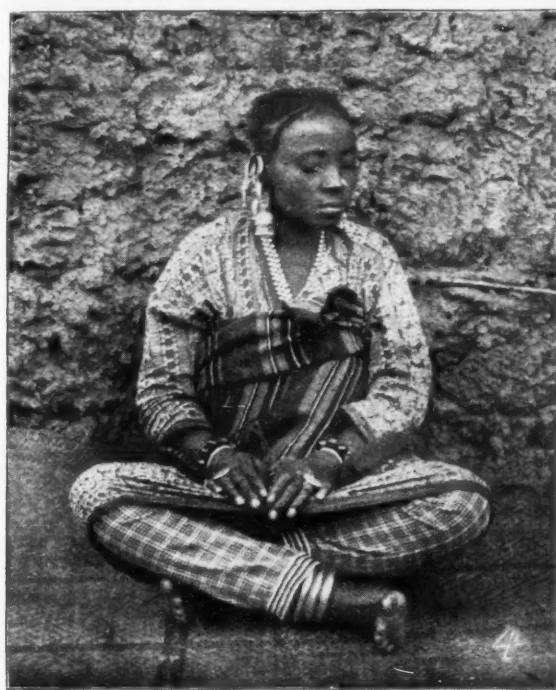
A STORY OF WESTERN LIFE.

A MONTANA correspondent of the *New York Tribune* writes: "Twenty years ago an Englishman brought a sweet Scotch wife to a miner's camp across the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and fifty miles from Helena. They lived all these years happily together. The Edinburgh woman accommodated herself to the lonely life for the sake of this husband whom she adored. During all the twenty years she left the camp but twice—both times for a short visit to Helena. For many months at a time she did not see the face of another woman. By and by the vein was worked out and the other miners left, but still this couple lived on there. Their heads were growing white with the snows of many winters, and they at last decided that they had enough money to buy a home in civilization, wherein they might hope for ease in their closing years. This hope seemed about to be realized. Last spring their mountain ranch was sold for \$25,000, and the husband came to Helena to make the final arrangements for moving. When he returned he showed to his dear old wife the gifts that he had bought to deck her in on her reappearance in the world. It was a surprise that he had prepared. He opened cases of lovely jewels, diamonds, and other costly gems, pins, and brooches for many occasions, a watch and massive chains for her neck and arms. But he had caught his death in the journey over the snow in midwinter, and he was dead in a week. The wife was seven hours alone in the cabin with her dead before help came. The most beloved and skillful physician in Helena, whom she had sent for when she became alarmed about her husband, went to her assistance at the risk of his own life. He found her in a pitiable condition. She had not slept for a week. He took her up and brought her to Helena in the same wagon with her husband's body, over the well-nigh impassable roads. It was a frightful journey, apart from the heavy freight of sorrow. The horses got into deep drifts (sometimes one and sometimes both) from which it seemed impossible for the doctor and an assistant to extricate them. Once the wagon was overturned. Before she left the little cabin the widow begged that a friendly hand might end the life of the faithful dog that had shared the lonely home. 'Poor Jessie never heard an unkind word or received a blow in her life,' she said; 'I should not wish her to fall into unkind hands.' In a few minutes the mail-rider, who knew Jessie and loved her, went out, and when he returned, said: 'Poor Jessie is gone. I shot her. She didn't know anything about it. It was instantaneous.'"

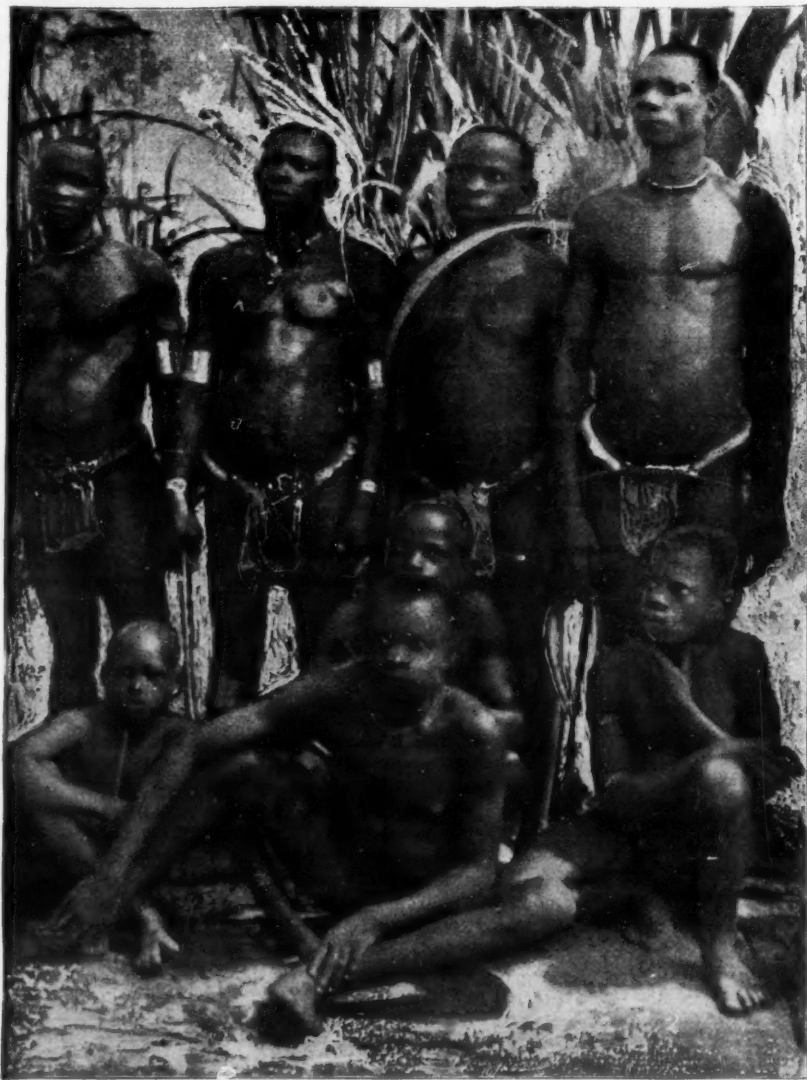
We shall publish in the next number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a special article on "The Congo, a Natural Highway to the Heart of Africa." This article is from the pen of Mr. E. J. Glave, who was one of Stanley's pioneer officers in the Congo exploration, and who has recently described in these columns his adventures in Alaska as a member of the FRANK LESLIE'S exploring expedition.



Tippu Tib and His Arab Followers.



A Manyema Woman.



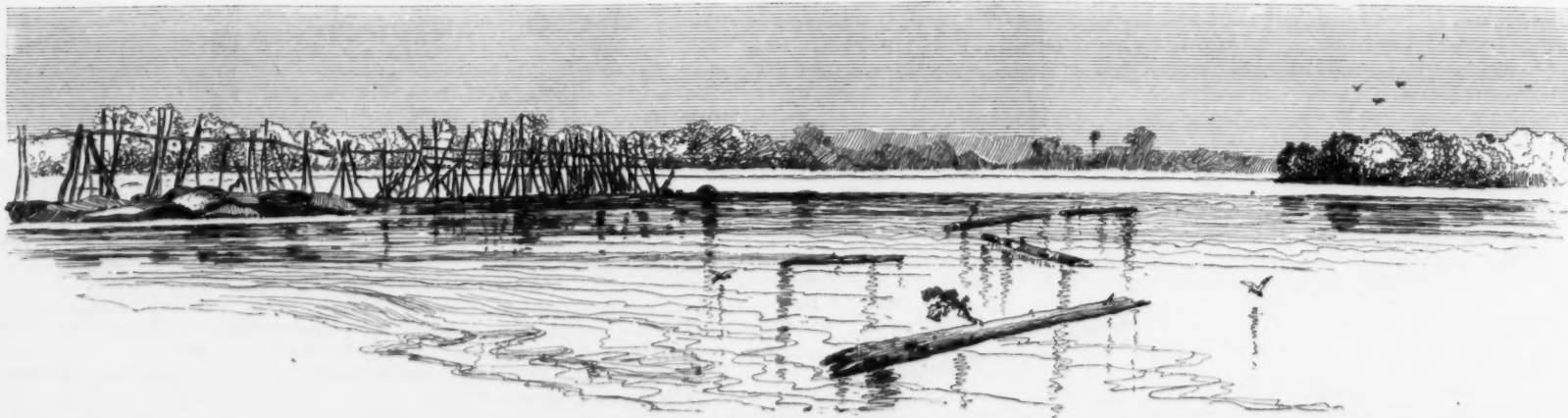
Central African Elephant-hunters.



Fishing-traps attached to wooden poles in rapids.



Half-way across Africa—the Congo Free State Post at Stanley Falls.



View of Stanley Falls and Rapids.

THE ARAB SLAVER AT STANLEY FALLS, EQUATORIAL AFRICA.—FROM PHOTOS SUPPLIED BY E. J. GLAVE, ONE OF STANLEY'S PIONEER OFFICERS.—[SEE PAGE 14.]

WALL STREET.—THE OUTLOOK.

WHEN the market took a sharp upward turn on the opening of the new year I advised my readers to exercise extreme caution in making purchases. I warned them particularly to beware of speculative securities, and if they had any money to put in the higher-priced dividend-payers, and particularly in bonds. Those who bought the low-priced bonds that I have recommended—for instance, Ohio Southern around 40, Peoria and Easterns around 70, and Rio Grande Westerns around 68 or 70—have not lost money, and they need not be afraid that their interest will be sacrificed.

It looks to me as if the market would be inclined to halting spells and be subject to reactions until after the adjournment of Congress early in March. In fact, there are three things that are at present depressing Wall Street: First, the fear of silver legislation; secondly, the failure to hasten the completion of the railroad agreement; and thirdly (and this reason I have given before), the widespread distrust of railroad management in this country.

It has come to the point that investors feel that they have a right to know what the railroads in which they are interested are doing. In the Minnesota Legislature a bill has been introduced authorizing the State Railroad Commissioners to put experts on the books of the railways so that they can certify to the correctness of their published statements. Some such law as this should be on the statute-books of every State. Or, better yet, the Interstate Commerce law should be amended so that Government experts could examine into the affairs of railways, just as bank commissioners can step into any national bank and see precisely what its condition is.

It is no longer a secret that the managers of most of the great railway corporations are simply speculators who "milk" the public by manipulating their stocks. It is in their power to raise or depress the prices of stocks or bonds in which they are interested, and this enormous power has been the source of many great fortunes. The poor public, that has submitted to this process of squeezing and extortion so long, is beginning to rebel, and the revolt is so widespread that investors hail with pleasure any new field for investment.

This is the reason why the industrial securities, even when they have been nothing but manipulated schemes, like Sugar Trust, Cotton-Seed Oil, and others I might mention, have attracted a great deal of attention and capital. This is also the reason why first-class sound industrial investments like the Claffin Company, the Thurber-Whyland Company, and the Sloan Carpet Company stocks have been so greedily seized upon by investors that they at once were held at a premium. It is for this reason, too, that I have urged my readers, as far as possible, to put their investments into local securities—banks, gas, and street-car bonds and stock.

I do not wish to be understood as intimating that there are not plenty of chances for money-making on Wall Street. I believe that such chances still exist. I am not among those who think that the market is going to pieces all at once. There are plenty of good stocks that pay dividends and will continue to pay them, and as soon as a good short interest is encouraged even the speculators may take another jump. Those who are predicting a fall in prices equal to that we had during the panic are simply encouraging the bears to sell, and the more the bears sell at this particular time, when the great bulk of stocks has been locked up, the less the selling supply will be and the quicker a turn will come.

The fact that security is the first element in all investments was signally illustrated when the new French three and one-half per cent. loan was offered for subscription, the other day. The dispatches report that crowds surrounded the subscription agencies during the entire night preceding the opening of the loan, and the subscriptions offered were ten or twenty times the amount of the loan. A large part of the subscription was made in London. It does not need an argument to prove that this money, seeking a three and one-half per cent. investment at almost par, would have been delighted to have obtained four or five per cent. on this side of the water if it could have been had with any assurance of security. When our railroad and corporation managers stop manipulation and labor to place their corporations on safe and sure money-making bases, they will find an abundant demand for American stocks.

This has been illustrated by the strength of the Vanderbilt securities, even during the panic. A Vanderbilt four per cent. stock will sell at above par, while a speculative Gould stock, like Missouri Pacific, paying four per cent., sells at little more than 60, and a guaranteed Gould five per cent. stock, like American Cable, hovers around 80. There must be a reason for these things, and my readers are not so simple as not to understand it.

From Rochester I have a letter to "Jasper" as follows: "An ignoramus desires to obtain knowledge regarding stocks and bonds. Is there any book published, and if so what, that will enlighten him on the securities as quoted in New York papers, that is, the letters by which they are mentioned, interest generally paid, and place of business? Example: 'N. Y. C.' New York Central. Interest, 4½ per cent. Place business, railway from New York to Buffalo."

The best and most reliable book that I can recommend to my correspondent is "Poor's Manual of Railroads," an annual publication which gives complete information in reference to the history, the business, the stocks and bonds, dividends, etc., of all the railroads in the United States. It also recites their fortunes and misfortunes. This book is somewhat expensive, and if my subscriber cannot afford to

pay for it he can find it in any first-class broker's office. Nearly every leading broker in New York issues a little hand-book, free of charge, giving concise statements of stocks and bonds, tables of interest, etc., of the various railroads. Spencer Trask & Co., on Broad Street, issue a very handy little book of this kind for circulation among their customers. I believe that one can be had on application, with stamps to cover the expense of mailing.

A correspondent at Omaha asks if I do not believe the market has "all the rise it can stand." I am prepared to hold this view, but my advice now is to buy only what you can pay for, and preferably to take something that pays dividends. American Cable around 80 is low. It pays five per cent. and has the Western Union's guarantee behind it. I am told that there are bargains in St. Louis, Alton and Terre Haute common. The preferred was certainly a bargain, for it took a jump of ten points in two days recently, and can now be converted into an excellent bond. The moment that the preferred is put into the shape of bonds there will be an opportunity to earn dividends on the common, and it would not surprise me if there should be a rise in the latter; it may come up to a hundred per cent.—perhaps not this year or next. Those who hold and manage it are "stayers," and are in it for large and final profits. Rio Grande Western preferred is now said to be a five per cent. dividend-paying stock. If it is, it is cheap at anything about 60. It certainly was cheap when I advised its purchase at 40.

The opponents of silver legislation on Wall Street say that fear of free silver is doing great harm, and is a cloud on the market. They believe that free silver would mean a large withdrawal of gold and a consequent contraction of the circulating medium that might precipitate a panic. The silver men, on the other hand, believe that free silver would mean inflation. It is too bad that this silver question comes up again to trouble the market. My advices from Washington indicate that President Harrison will veto the Free Silver bill if it is passed, and there are enough anti-silver men in both parties in the House to prevent an overriding of the veto in that branch of Congress, though in the Senate a two-thirds vote may not be obtained on the side of silver.

I have said that business generally throughout the country looked good. It does, and there are many evidences that we are beginning to feel the effects of the McKinley bill on American manufacturing enterprises. Let any of my readers notice the dispatches printed in the daily press from day to day. See how many additions are being made to woolen, cotton, steel, iron, and other mills. Read of the new factories going up, and the new industries being developed. All these mean a good deal to the watchful man, who can consider such questions without regard to partisan bias. I have often thought that a man who has his business faculties blunted by partisanship—I do not care whether he be a Democrat or a Republican—has not much chance of being a good investor, much less a good speculator. Business is business, and men who succeed in this world, so far as money-making is concerned, are those who consider every investment from the standpoint of cold-blooded business—no sentiment, no politics.

I have had several points in reference to the Laclede Gas, a St. Louis concern, and it has shown considerable strength for a low-priced speculative. I cannot, however, of my own knowledge, commend it as a speculation. Some strong men on the Street insist that it is bound for a speedy rise. For investment I certainly prefer the bonds or preferred to the common stock. I see a good chance for a nice rise for Laclede bonds bought around 80. The same statement is made about Tennessee Coal and Iron common. The bonds of this concern, paying six per cent., have been below par, and I believe are still worth more than they sell for. The preferred stock, paying eight per cent., certainly looks cheap at between 80 and 90.

The little reactions the market has had up to the date of this writing, have not been of a nature to indicate inherent weakness. On the contrary, it seemed to me as if the bulls were playing a very guarded game to entrap the short interest from week to week, and then to give the market a new and strong impulse, putting it on a higher basis every time. This is the old-fashioned tactics, pursued in the palmy days of Gould and other adroit manipulators, when they were marking things for a grand rise. Of course if they should turn against the market, down it would go; but it looks to me as if the interest, of the great manipulators is now mainly on the bull side.

Jasper

MISSOURI.
WEBB CITY.

WEBB CITY, with a population of about 10,000, is making substantial improvements with its growth. The lead and zinc output of the Southwestern Missouri District was over \$5,000,000 for 1890, \$3,000,000 of which was produced by eighteen companies located within two miles of the city, operating less than 1,000 acres. A 5-foot vein of coal recently discovered by the Southwest Mining and Developing Company is being profitably mined. Webb City offers superior investments for large and small sums. For particulars write J. Y. Leasing, Vice-President Southwest Mining Company.

SPRINGFIELD.

The recent discoveries of vast deposits of zinc and lead ores in the counties surrounding Springfield, Mo., will make this city the head centre of great smelters and other mining industries. Mining camps have sprung up, and lands which were considered of little value before the advent of the prospector and mining capitalist are now producing tons of valuable ore. Some excellent options are held by D. L. Griffith, who will give full information on request.



THE STANDARD COCOA OF THE WORLD.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"Best & Goes Farthest—Once Tried, always used."

A Delicious Substitute for Tea and Coffee and Better for the Nerves.

Purity Unquestioned. Easily Digested. Made Instantly.

It only needs a single trial to convince anyone of the superiority of VAN HOUTEN'S (the original, pure, soluble) COCOA. Please insist upon VAN HOUTEN'S and take no substitute. It is put up in ½, ¼, ⅓ and one lb. cans. If not obtainable, enclose 25c. in stamps or postal note to either VAN HOUTEN & ZOOB, 106 Reade Street, New York, or 45 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a large sample can will be mailed postpaid, if you mention this publication. Prepared only by VAN HOUTEN & ZOOB, Weesp, Holland.

AURORA.

An illustration of the phenomenal growth of town supported by the right kind of natural advantages is seen in this prosperous city. Aurora, situated 269 miles southwest of St. Louis on the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway, was a little flag station with but a few houses four years ago. It now has a population of 6,000, with fine brick business blocks covering a frontage of more than 1,000 feet; miles of macadamized streets, franchises granted and contracts let for an electric street railway, light and power plant, and water works. This transformation is due to the development of the rich lead and zinc mines opened up around the town, and which have produced upward of 40,000,000 pounds of lead and zinc ore the past year. Fifteen hundred men are employed, and a great deal of capital is finding remunerative investment in mining lands and town property.

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN.

In the commercial world it is well understood that the two principal trade centres of the United States are New York and Chicago. History repeats itself, and whatever conditions have served to make New York the great Eastern trade centre are fast finding a parallel around the great Western trade centre. An index of the tendency is seen in a contemplation of the results of the new census. The four States which surround Lake Michigan, viz., Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, have added, since 1880, 1,172,649 to their population. This is nearly 150,000 more than has been added, in the same time, to eight States, viz., Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina.

Michigan shows greater growth than Alabama and Mississippi together, or than Kentucky and Tennessee, or than Georgia and Virginia.

New York has a large constellation of cities surrounding her for which she acts as a central distributing point. These are Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Providence, Worcester, New Haven, Hartford, Newark, Patterson, Trenton, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wilmington, and many others.

It is only a question of time when Chicago will be the centre of a like constellation. It will be noted that in the Eastern constellation those cities which have navigation have outstripped the inland cities in growth and wealth. The same will be true around the Western trade centre.

With these facts understood, the great harbor of Muskegon, the finest on Lake Michigan, will be better appreciated. Navigation is open the year round with Chicago or Milwaukee, distant respectively 114 miles and 85 miles. The inside harbor of Muskegon is nearly as large as the North River side of New York harbor, and it has an average depth of over thirty feet. Car goes of heavy merchandise can be shipped from this harbor to the business centre of Chicago cheaper and quicker than the same quantity can be moved by rail from points ten miles outside of that city. This is no experiment. It is done now; the Government records show that for the last ten years the average of arrivals and clearances from this port average nearly six thousand.

That these advantages are beginning to be seen is evident in the new accessions to the manufacturing interests. Within a year the following companies have erected large factories, or have their plants well under way: The Muskegon Iron and Steel Company, the Chase Bros. Piano Company, the Muskegon Milling and Elevator Company, the Heaps Earth Closet Company, the Muskegon Cracker Company, the Sargent Manufacturing Company, the Kelly Bros. Manufacturing Company, the Morton Manufacturing Company, the Muskegon Machine and Foundry Company, the Nelson Piano Company, the Michigan Washing Machine Company, the Muskegon Electrical Power Company, and the R. D. Scott Carriage and Road Cart Company.

Nine of these new companies have fine large brick factories all completed and running; the balance are in

course of erection. There are also eight more companies under contract to locate at Muskegon this year. Among them is the Alaska Refrigerator Company, one of the largest, if not the largest company in this line in the United States. This company will have its plant ready by August 1st, 1891, and will have capacity to work 500 men.

Money loaned for non-residents on real estate worth three to five times amount loaned, netting seven and eight per cent. to lender. Send for descriptive list of property for sale to M. C. Kelley, Muskegon, Mich.

PENNSYLVANIA TOURS

TO THE
GOLDEN GATE CALIFORNIA

Affording a visit of **THREE WEEKS** in
Superbly Appointed Train

Of Pullman Vestibule Drawing-Room Sleeping, Smoking and Library, Dining and Observation Cars—an exact

COUNTERPART of the **PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED**

DATES OF STARTING:
February 7th, 1891. March 3d, 1891.
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EXCURSION TICKETS, including all traveling expenses and sustenance en route in both directions, and side trips to San Diego, Riverside, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, and San José (Mt. Hamilton), from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington,

\$275.00
FOR THE FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD, AND \$300.00 FOR THE FOURTH.

Tourist Agent and Chaparron Accompany the Party. For itinerary containing full information, address
GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHAS. F. PUGH, General Manager. **J. R. WOOD**, General Passenger Agent.

The "Fischer Piano" at the White House.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Dec. 16th, 1890.

Gentlemen—It affords me much pleasure to inform you that the piano which I ordered from you for a Christmas present to my mother has been received. My mother joins me in expressing to you our great satisfaction with the piano, its tone being very sweet, sympathetic and powerful, and the touch and action all that could be desired. The case is beautiful in design and finish. I thank you for the careful attention you have given to this order.

Yours truly,
Russell B. Harrison

To Messrs. J. & C. FISCHER,
110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

SPECIAL FOOD FOR BRAIN AND NERVES. GROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

PREPARED ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF PROFESSOR PERCY. From the Vital principle of the Brain of the Ox and the Embryo of the Wheat and Oat. For more than twenty years Physicians have used and recommended this Brain principle, as the best restorer of vigor and impaired vitality. Thousands of the world's best Brain workers, college students and those engaged in athletic sports, have maintained their bodily and mental activity by its use.

It is not a "Patent Medicine"; the formula is on every label. It is a vital nutrient Phosphite, not a Laboratory Phosphate.

Descriptive pamphlet, with testimonials, free. F. GROSBY CO., 50 W. 25th St., N. Y. Druggists, or sent by mail, \$1.00.



TURN ON THE LIGHT

TURN IT OUR WAY. WE HAVE A CLEAN RECORD OF 21 YEARS AND WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU LOOK AT IT. A RECORD OF HEALTH RESTORED AND DISEASES CURED BY

COMPOUND OXYGEN.
COMPOUND OXYGEN IS A CONCENTRATION OF OZONE. IT IS CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY, AND IS COMBINED WITH OTHER POWERFUL REMEDIAL AGENTS. IT IS RELEASED FROM THE INHALING APPARATUS, WHICH ACCOMPANIES EVERY TREATMENT, BY HEAT. YOU INHALE IT: AT ONCE A WARM, OXYGENATED VAPOR PENETRATES EVERY PORTION OF THE LUNGS, AND A GENIAL GLOW OF RETURNING STRENGTH PERVADES THE SYSTEM. NOT TRANSIENT STRENGTH; FOR THE GOOD AND THE GAIN OF COMPOUND OXYGEN REMAIN WHEN THE TREATMENT IS DISCONTINUED. IN THIS NATURAL WAY, THAT IS: BY THE USE OF NATURE'S OWN VITALIZED NOURISHMENT, A ROBUST CONDITION OF VIGOR IS MAINTAINED. THAT IS THE BEST SPECIFIC KNOWN FOR ANY FORM OF DISEASE. IT IS BETTER THAN THE BEST MEDICINE.

A BOOK OF 200 PAGES WILL TELL YOU WHO HAVE BEEN RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH BY THE USE OF COMPOUND OXYGEN. IT IS FILLED WITH THE SIGNED INDORSEMENTS OF MANY WELL KNOWN DIVINES, COLLEGE PRESIDENTS, AND OTHER PROFESSIONAL MEN AND WOMEN.

THIS BOOK WILL BE SENT ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE TO ANY ONE WHO WILL WRITE TO

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
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ALL persons afflicted with dyspepsia find immediate relief by using Angostura Bitters.

USE Salvation Oil at once for severe headache and neuralgia. Price 25 cents.
Go where you will, you will always find Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup conveniently. 25 cents.

TO LADIES.—For the complexion and for light cutaneous affections, *Crème Simon* is superior to the "vaseline" and "cucumbers"; it whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, rue de Provence, Paris; Park & Tilford, New York; Perfumers, Druggists, Fancy Goods Stores.

LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, a banker at 53 Broadway, says it looks as though we were going to have simply a trading market for a short time, and advises getting in and out quickly for profits.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER WRITES:

"40 ORANGE STREET,

"BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 11, 1890.

"I have used Alcock's Porous Plasters for some years for myself and family and, as far as able, for the many sufferers who come to us for assistance, and have found them a genuine relief for most of the aches and pains which flesh is heir to. I have used Alcock's Porous Plasters for all kinds of lameness and acute pain, and, by frequent experiments, find that they can control many cases not noticed in your circulars.

"The above is the only testimonial I have ever given in favor of any plaster, and if my name has been used to recommend any other it is without my authority or sanction.

"MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER."

SPECIALY CONDUCTED TOURS TO MEXICO:

THE Piedmont Air Line (Richmond and Danville Railroad) will have through Pullman Palace Buffet cars between Washington, D. C., and the City of Mexico, leaving on February 3d and 17th, and March 3d, 17th, and 31st; returning, leave City of Mexico February 12th and 26th, March 12th and 26th, and April 9th. Fare, \$107.85 for the round trip.

As parties will be limited, early engagements of accommodations are requisite. Full information procured at the company's Agencies, 228 Washington Street, Boston; 229 Broadway, New York; 33 South Third Street, Philadelphia; 235 East German Street, Baltimore, or by direct application to the Passenger Department, 1300 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

THE PENNSYLVANIA'S SECOND TOUR TO THE GOLDEN GATE.

THE full complement of passengers have reserved accommodations on the first of the Pennsylvania's Tours to the Golden Gate, and names are being rapidly registered for the remainder of the series. The second tour, fixed for March 3d, is one of the most desirable of the group, and the manner in which the accommodations are being reserved indicates that the second party will be made up long in advance of the date of the starting. Those who desire to join it should register at once if they would make their going sure. Itineraries, tickets, and all information may be procured by addressing George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, or Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, 849 Broadway, New York.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple and effective remedy. They contain nothing injurious, and may be used at all times with perfect safety.

TRAVEL MADE PERFECT.

ON your next trip West patronize the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, and enjoy the advantages of departing from Grand Central Station, traveling over a great four-track railway, along the Hudson—America's most picturesque and beautiful river—via Niagara Falls, the world's greatest cataract, or along the south shore of Lake Erie, in new Wagner vestibule trains, with unsurpassed service and equipment.

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cents a bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

DOES CURE CONSUMPTION

In its First Stages.

Be sure you get the genuine.



INFANTILE SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES CURED BY CUTICURA
EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humors Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.
Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."
Baby's skin and scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.
Kidney pains, backache, and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING

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Woodbury's Facial Soap

For the Skin and Scalp.

Prepared by a Dermatologist with 20 years' experience. Highly indorsed by the medical profession; unequalled as a remedy for eczema, scaldhead, oily skin, pimples, flesh worms, ugly complexion, etc. Indispensable as a toilet article, and a sure preventive of all diseases of the skin.
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\$5,000,000 worth of Lead and Zinc Ores produced from the Webb City Mining District in 1890. The great Center Creek Mining Company ship 1,000 tons weekly to England from this district alone. The best place in the world for investments, large or small. For particulars, maps, prices, and information, write

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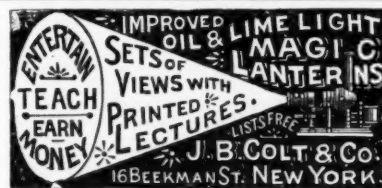
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POND'S EXTRACT
REDUCES INFLAMMATION.

Specific Directions.

IF A COLD IN THE HEAD, apply Pond's Extract (diluted one-half) by a nasal douche, or snuff it, or vaporize it over a lamp and inhale the fumes through the nose.

IF HOARSE, gargle with Pond's Extract several times daily.

IF THE THROAT IS SORE and NECK STIFF, rub the neck thoroughly with Pond's Extract, and, on retiring, wrap the neck in a woolen bandage saturated with Pond's Extract, and protected by an outer wrapping.

IF THE LUNGS ARE SORE, take a teaspoonful of Pond's Extract four or five times daily.

IF THE LIMBS ACHE and are sore, rub them vigorously with Pond's Extract.

FOR CHILBLAINS, bathe with Pond's Extract and bandage with cloth saturated with Pond's Extract. Itching quickly stopped.

BUT do not purchase some cheap substitute and expect it to do what Pond's Extract will. Be sure you have genuine article. Made only by Pond's Extract Co., New York and London.

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Near the greatest Iron Ore District in the World—and Vast Timber Tracts.

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FACTS!

PITTSBURG, KANSAS,

WAS an undeveloped section in 1877,
HAD a population of 4,333 in 1887,
HAD a population of 5,407 in 1888,
HAD a population of 8,000 in 1889,
HAD a population of 9,000 first of 1890,

YEAS A POPULATION OF 10,000 NOW!

Will Have a Population of 100,000 in 1900.

HAS four handsome Public School Buildings; capacity, 1,300 children.
HAS seven Churches—Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, Christian, Protestant Episcopal, Roman Catholic, Lutheran, and Young Men's Christian Association.
HAS three Secret Orders—Masonic, Odd Fellows, and Knights of Pythias.
HAS two Daily and three Weekly Newspapers—the *Headlight*, *Smelter*, and *Kansasian*.
HAS the Lowest Taxes of any town or city in Kansas—3 per cent. on a 30 per cent. valuation.
HAS no Vacant Stores or Dwellings.
HAS nearly \$7,000,000 invested in Manufacturing Enterprises.
HAS the Cheapest fuel on this continent.
HAS an elevation of 100 feet above the sea level.
HAS the best health record of any town in Kansas.
HAS Gas Works, supplying gas at 75c. for fuel, and \$1.25 for illuminating purposes per 100 feet.
HAS Electric Light, both arc and incandescent, supplying consumers at from 40c. to 80c. per month per lamp of 16 candle power.
HAS Water Works, supplying consumers at from 50c. to \$3 per month, according to consumption.
HAS Sewerage System, with 6 miles of sewerage.
HAS the largest deposit of Coal west of the Mississippi.
HAS four Trunk Lines of Railway.
HAS the best Hotel in Kansas—the "Stillwell," brand new, to be opened by the 20th of this month, under the management of Mr. Dean, the most popular hotel man in the State.
HAS three National Banks, with a capital of \$200,000.
HAS a Loan and Trust Company with \$100,000.00 capital.
HAS four big Coal Companies owning 10,000 acres of coal land, with an aggregate capital of nearly \$3,000,000.00.
HAS a fine Opera House, costing \$75,000.00; seating capacity, 1000.
HAS 2200 men employed in the coal mines.
HAS \$100,000 cash, coal for twenty years at 50c. per ton, and sites at \$100 per acre, as special inducements to new manufacturing enterprises.
HAS two Brick Yards, selling good brick at \$6 in the yard, and \$9 in wall, per thousand.
HAS endless quantities of Lead ore tributary.
HAS mountains of the best Iron Ore on the continent near at hand.
HAS a great variety of Timber adjacent.
HAS the most advantageous Freight Rates of any point in the Southwest, making it unequalled for manufacturing and wholesale business.
HAS Coal, Zinc, Lead, Iron, Silver, and Copper Ores, Timber, Cotton, and Wool adjacent and tributary by rail sufficient to make it the most prosperous smelting, manufacturing, and mining city in the world.

PITTSBURG, KANSAS, HAS a chrono for any man doubting its future prosperity after considering the above facts.

Address for particulars, Pittsburg Town Co., Pittsburg, Kansas.
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Leads all Competitors. SPRINGFIELD, Mo.

Population 1870, 5,555; 1880, 6,522; 1890, 21,842.

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"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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Sweetheart!

I see you fading, hour by hour,
Sweetheart!

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In vain I weep, in vain I pray.

What power Death's cruel hand can stay?
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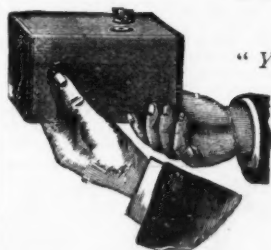
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